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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

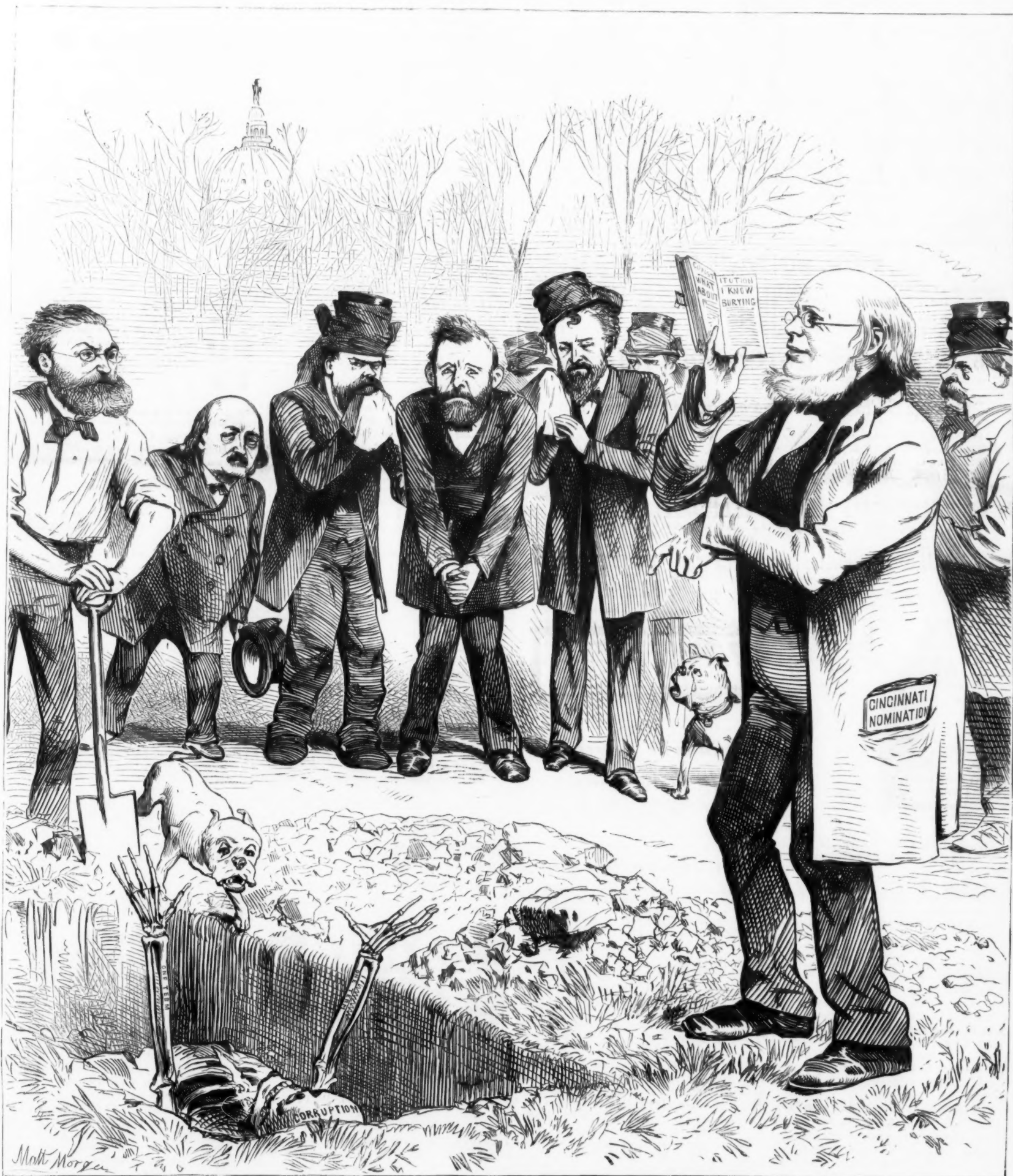
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THE FUNERAL AT CINCINNATI MAY 30, 1872.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1872.

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#### OUR CANDIDATES AND PLATFORM.

"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY—AND THEY ARE OURS."

THE trumpet-note from the Liberal Convention, at Cincinnati, gives forth no uncertain sound. It is the bugle-blast of victory to come, as sure as Blucher's trumpets rang out the knell of another military usurper at Waterloo.

The Cincinnati Convention has more than justified the hopes of its friends, and baffled the machinations of its enemies.

It has been in every way the most imposing uprising of the American people, to counsel together for the real safety of the nation, since those early days of war, when that nation's true life stood in no greater jeopardy than now.

The circumstances attending that demonstration give it all the greater significance, and stamp its action with greater value. For, it was no caucus-called, politician-packed convention which has just concluded its deliberations—no machine, whose secret cogs and screws were all pre-arranged by the managers—but a truly Republican conference of American citizens, consulting for the safety and honor of the Republic.

If ever there were a spontaneous and honest popular movement, dictated by principle and conviction, and innocent of the contrivances of wire-pullers—an indignant protest against misrule—this Cincinnati Convention represents it; and its utterances and nominations must therefore secure the confidence and support of the honest masses of the American people, as no party-hack convention ever could.

It has been really and truly the representative and embodiment of that "Great National Reform Party," for the creation of which this journal called aloud, on the last day of the Old Year, as a "national necessity," although we had scarcely dared to hope so mighty and overshadowing a tree would so soon have grown up from the small grain of mustard-seed sown at that time by a few earnest men in and out of Congress. We cannot refrain from referring, with pardonable pride, to this fact, for, "the fruit is of the tree we planted," and we claim the credit of having been among the foremost pioneers, by pen and pencil, of the mighty movement which is to shake Belshazzar from his throne.

The proceedings and action of that Convention are now fully known to the American people, and it is for them deliberately to decide whether the performance does or does not fulfill the promise of the programme, difficult of execution as that programme was.

We claim that in every respect it has fully come up to the expectations of its originators, and of the friends who have given it their hearty God-speed throughout the length and

breadth of this wide land, and, more regarding it as the ark of their political salvation from the reign already imposed upon them, in advance, by the office-holding convention to be held at Philadelphia, only to register the edict of our "Prince President."

Its nominations are as fit as its Declaration of Principles is wise and well considered. Both are broadly and purely national—not narrow, partisan, or sectional; intended to protect the interests of the whole country—not framed for the benefit of a corrupt clique of office-holders or office-seekers, calling itself a party, nor seeking the support of such.

Both address themselves to the great mass of honest voters, who feel the vital need of changing an Administration whose rule has been aptly described by one of its earliest and strongest supporters as characterized by "despotism, nepotism, corruption, and greedy self-seeking," making a great gift enterprise of the highest honors of the Republic.

Let us see, then, what the Liberal Republican Convention have offered us as substitutes for General Grant and four years more of misrule and corruption.

They offer the American people—

For President,  
HORACE GREELEY,  
OF NEW YORK;  
For Vice-President,  
B. GRATZ BROWN,  
OF MISSOURI;

With the following Platform of Principles, which is as wide as the country, and upon which all true patriots and lovers of good government, irrespective of previous party affiliations, may stand together in fraternal unity.

#### DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

The Administration has rendered itself guilty of a usurpation of the Constitution, and has acted as if the laws were for those who govern, and not those who are governed. The President has used his influence to the detriment of the Government; he has used his power in appointing persons to office from personal motives, and has been culpably careless in the duties of his office. His partisans have pretended that no serious fault could be found with his Administration; they have kept alive the passions excited by the late war instead of exciting a patriotic feeling, and, like base sycophants to the power from which they expected favors, they are striving to keep themselves in power.

Believing that the continuance of this party in power will be detrimental to the interests of the country, we, Liberal Republicans, appeal to the honesty and patriotism of the country.

First—We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and it is the duty of the Government to mete out equal justice to all, of whatever race, nativity or sex.

Second—We pledge ourselves to maintain the union of the States, and not to reopen any of the questions set by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

Third—We recommend the immediate and absolute removal of all obstacles which result from the rebellion, and general amnesty for all.

Fourth—We declare ourselves in favor of local self-government, with impartial suffrage and freedom of person with the *habeas corpus*; the subordination of the military to the civil authority.

Fifth—The Civil Service of the Government has become an instrument of party ambition, and we regard a thorough reform of the Civil Service as the duty of the hour, that offices of the Government cease to be the objects of personal and party favor, and that to this end no President should be a candidate for President a second time.

Sixth—We demand a system of taxation which will not be burdensome on the industry of the people, but shall be sufficient to pay the expenses of an economical administration of the Government. We demand to the people the subjects of protection and free trade, to the Congressional districts, wholly free from Executive influence.

Seventh—The public credit must be maintained. We denounce repudiation in every form.

Eighth—A speedy return to specie payments is demanded by every consideration of national honor.

Ninth—We remember with gratitude the soldiers who fought for the country.

Tenth—We are opposed to every grant of land to railroads or other corporations, preserving them for actual settlers.

Eleventh—We hold that the Government should endeavor to cultivate foreign relations by a just policy.

Twelfth—To promote these principles and give success to the nominees upon this platform, we wish and welcome the co-operation of all citizens without regard to previous political preferences.

Of the candidate for the Presidency, and of a nomination so eminently fit to be made, it were idle to do much more than simply to announce his name.

For, the name and fame of Horace Greeley have become part and parcel of the history of the country, "familiar to our ears as household words." If there be a truly representative American citizen alive, Horace Greeley is that man. If there be another public man more honored, loved and respected by the great masses of the American people, North, South, East and West, by those who have hitherto differed with, as well as those who have concurred in his opinions, we have never heard of him. It seems but just and fitting, and an appropriate conclusion to his lifelong labors, that he who was in reality the founder and the father of the great Republican Party, which within the last twelve years has wrought so mighty a revolution in the principles and practice of this Government, in the adoption of the additional amendments to the Constitution, should now be intrusted with the crowning

of the edifice, of which he laid the corner-stone, by general amnesty, universal suffrage, and reform in the Administration.

As this can in no sense be considered a mere party convention, so neither can Horace Greeley be regarded as a party candidate. He is the candidate of all the honest men of the country, who sincerely desire Reform—who are sick of greedy spoilsmen and partisans looking more to their own personal profit than to the dignity and true interests of the Republic—and who recognize in him a fearless and an honest man and a true patriot, who would restore the "era of good feeling" which once illustrated our history, and which the present military occupant of the White House has replaced by a reign of tyranny and terror.

Above all, his personal and private character, above even the whisper of suspicion or reproach—his disregard of consequences where principle is involved—his unselfishness and contempt for the accumulation of wealth by unworthy means—in a word, his sterling honesty in thought and act, point a contrast with our present President which all the world can see and appreciate.

He is the People's candidate—and he is ours; and, well fitted as several of his competitors for that high post undoubtedly are, yet there is not one among them who combines so many qualities and qualifications for the Presidency, in the present crisis of our national life, as the man on whom the choice has fallen.

The North owes him a mighty debt for his course before and during the rebellion. The South he has made equally his debtor, since its termination; and from the days of Andrew Jackson there has lived no American who has secured so strong a hold on the affections of the American people, everywhere, than Horace Greeley.

The candidate for Vice-President on the same ticket is worthy of such high companionship, and represents the principles and purposes of this great national movement with equal fidelity.

Seldom if ever before has it happened that two such admirable selections have been made by any nominating body, and the country will ratify with acclaim the happy combination.

Of B. Gratz Brown, the pioneer of the Reform movement, we gave last week a full biographical sketch, in anticipation of this nomination. Taking, then, the Candidates, and the Platform on which they stand, what is there in either or both to prevent their indorsement and cordial support by every honest voter in the country who does not wear the collar of a party, and who desires a restoration of the earlier, happier and purer days of the Republic?

The old issues which formerly divided parties are dead. Let them be decently buried, nor rattle their dry bones to revive the memories and the prejudices which should be interred with them.

Live men and live issues have been presented by this Convention to the American people; let them accept both thankfully, and co-operate fraternally in restoring another era of good feeling, by driving corruption and despotism from the Presidential Chair, and substituting honesty and patriotism in their place, in the person of Horace Greeley, the representative of Reform, purification and peace.

Old Republicans and old Democrats can cordially co-operate in this great work, and when it has been successfully accomplished, their children and their children's children shall "rise up and call them blessed."

The campaign commences under the most encouraging auspices; it will be the fault, the folly, and the crime of the true men of the United States if it be not brought to a victorious conclusion.

We neither fear nor doubt the result, and regard the battle as almost already won; but eternal vigilance must ever be the price of freedom, and we must work to win.

#### RÉNAN ON DEMOCRACY.

M ERNEST RÉNAN, the same gentleman who, a few years back, had such mediocre success in paraphrasing the story of the New Testament into a pastoral of the French kind, has turned up as a pamphleteer. His new work, of which the proof-sheets have been seen by a Paris correspondent, is on "The Intellectual and Moral Reformation of France." It is in fact, and without any circumlocution at all, a plea for the restoration of Monarchy in the Grand Nation. As such, M. Rénan's monograph will have a pretty handsome public, if it is read only by the various candidates who, as Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, or what not, may look upon it as a stumping effort in their respective favor. But as it is also an argument for Monarchy in the abstract, it may gather a larger audience, and even in this, the model Republic, there may be Lutherans who think Rénan a pontiff of sufficient importance to make them give his bull the honor of a public burning.

The question is treated broadly. By what ordeal, M. Rénan proposes to his readers, shall

a nation, ridden by expedients or by anarchy, as France is ridden now, select a ruler? How pitch upon the hidden best man, now hugging his corner with the ungenerous modesty of merit? Shall it be by lot? M. Rénan's scriptural studies give him some bias toward this venerable expedient, but he rejects it as on the whole unwieldy in the populous nations of the present day. Shall it be by examination? This, we must observe *passim*, is an expedient so well thought of in America at this moment, so hopeful in the eyes of all our Civil Reformers, with our President shouting at their head, that we wait with heavily-fraught bosoms for the distinguished scholar to answer himself. Alas, the reply is discouraging and damatory of our budding hopes of national amendment. The selection by examination, we learn, "petrifies a nation, and gives it up to the Mandarin system." The Mandarin system! How very uncanny that must be! But what is the Mandarin system? Does anybody practically know? Does Mr. George William Curtis—who, if he has not been to China, has been to Jericho, and that is nearer the Celestial Empire than most of us have gone—see clearly in what predicament his Reform will be when once fatally abandoned to the "Mandarin system"? Will it in any way conduce to the ruin of the nation by Chinese cheap labor, and to the irregular adjustment of that evil by the Bill Nyes of the future? If so, we ourselves, ruefully as we cry for Reform, shall be the first to denounce it. But, passing this unilluminated outlook in haste, we go on to the other methods of selection instanced by our philosopher. There remain but two—Universal Suffrage and Selection by Birth—and now all Americans will be sorry according to the degree of their value for M. Rénan's opinion, for he decides in favor of Hereditary Selection, and backs his view according to philosophy and abstract reason.

Let us, some of whom are beginning to doubt whether the perpetuation of a government in the hands of one person for even a second term has not grave inseparable evils, hear what the critic of Apostolic Succession can say for "Selection by Inheritance." In the first place, as he points out, the greatest modern victory, the victory so fatal to his own nation, was the victory of Royalty by "quasi Divine Right (historic right)"; this concession, fortified by a confusion of terms that would seem to substitute the ink of history for the chrism of divinity in anointing a monarch, needs clearing up; but let us proceed. Selection by Birth (and here the scholarly eye of M. Rénan, along with the eyes of Carlyle and Ruskin looks with languishing affection toward the English aristocracy) brings into action an intelligent and moral party, recruited by the choice of the Government itself, and developing in an elevated atmosphere, in which the acquired knowledge of all human nature constitutes in some sort the respiration. This beautiful picture is, of course, the favorable view of the British aristocratic system. The objection, as we view it in America, is that such a class can only be trained to prominence by more or less refusal of common rights toward the masses, by the maintenance of class-privileges which become unnatural after popular education and other amenities have done their work, and by the artificial adjustment of lines of caste which are odious and immoral.

And now let us hear M. Rénan's objections to Democracy, which we are apt to think has had on these shores a century of rather prosperous existence. Our author here is eloquent almost to vituperation. In the first place, how did principles so mistaken, and so devoted to extinction, ever obtain in a large nation the foothold they secured here? "The Republican theory succeeded in America because the population there consisted of emigrants in search of liberty; they could not succeed in France, constituted upon entirely different principles." As for Universal Suffrage in practice, it can only produce second-rate men, charlatans, or impostors; it does not understand the necessity of science, the superiority of the noble and learned. "Let us," he cries, boldly, to the French, "cure ourselves of Democracy, materialism and love of comfort, which are its results. Direct universal suffrage, which is its instrument, has corrupted France to the very core. Democracy is by its nature envious, given to material pleasures, ignorant, and consequently frivolous, inimical to all superiority, eager to place obstacles in the way of real merit, to destroy all that surpasses it; easy of access to charlatans, complaisant to flatterers, impatient of discipline, it can only exist in an atmosphere of intellectual mediocrity and moral debasement, and commonly ends in despotism. The common people only like a government made in their own image, ignorant and oppressive."

To put vitality into this strange and, to us, fatuous speech, it is quite necessary to take the position of the author, M. Rénan, a true Frenchman in his contempt of the illumination conferred by travel. So far as Rénan has been a traveler, he has gone, like Lamartine, amongst barbarians, panoplied in French notions and conceits, disdaining to take any lessons from the countries he has seen, but regarding them



from the height of ethnological study. To comprehend, again, his contempt of the Plébisclum, which with us is so useful, so indispensable an instrument, one must have mingled with the peasantry of France, and seen how useless they are as propagators of opinion. The large and moneyed proletarian class in the French provinces is the most ductile, petty-minded and timid class conceivable. A French scholar like M. Rénan may have heard of a populace discriminating in its judgments, and having thought, individuality, culture and selection in its views, but he thinks of it as something distant, and impracticable, and Utopian. It is diverting, and it may be useful, for a democratic nation like ours to listen to the objections urged against the system by thinkers who, like Rénan, Ruskin, and Carlyle, are respectable if erratic. Meantime, our business is to help prepare the answer—an impending and certain, though a long answer—a history of advance through increasing popular education, the purifying of public office, and the recognition of civic duty by individuals.

### "CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES."

THE claim for indirect or consequential damages has excited almost as much condemnation in this country as in England, and is very generally reprobated by intelligent Americans as one of the most exceptional features in our diplomatic history. The real merits of our demand on British justice are certainly strong enough; yet it would be far better to suffer the loss of many millions of our rightful dues than to incur the odium and ridicule directly consequent on this pettifogging, preposterous pretension of the lawyers employed in our "Case" before the Geneva arbitrators. The declared intention of the Administration to sustain the "consequential" claim is of a piece with the Anti-Mormon crusade, which the Supreme Court has unanimously condemned as contrary to the national organic law.

But the "consequential damage" folly is having at least one good effect. Its monstrosity is turning attention strongly against the arguments by which it is chiefly advocated. No country in the world is more interested than the United States in resisting the absurdities involved in this claim. Ever since the foundation of their Government, the American people have shown their sympathies warmly in favor of nationalities struggling against wrong and oppression. And these sympathies have not been confined to words only, but have often been accompanied by "material aid" in men and money. If the doctrine connected with these "consequential" claims should prevail, nearly all such generous manifestations hereafter would become virtually illegal; the warm sympathies of our people would be repressed; and the oppressed races of other lands might look vainly to America for those cheering manifestations which have hitherto served as beacons of hope and comfort for down-trodden humanity throughout the world.

Since the foregoing paragraphs were written, the daily papers have informed us that our Government has taken the back track on this question, and that it may fairly be assumed that our claim, in that particular, is waived. If there is anything more humiliating than crime (and in diplomacy a blunder is worse than crime), it is when the criminal, having been detected and exposed, and being brought up for punishment, makes hollow professions of penitence and promises of reformation, solely to the end that he may save his guilty neck.

Does not even the obtuse Mr. Grant now agree with us, that it would have been better for him in the eyes of his countrymen if he had never presented such a preposterous claim.

## LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. VI.

### "LET US HAVE PEACE."

ALL aspiring men begin their ambitious careers with some catchword. General Grant's was, "Let us have Peace." And all the civilized world said: "Let us have Peace. Let the regenerated American Union go on. May the victorious soldier bind up and heal the wounds of Civil War! Let him unite a broad, cautious Northern Party, that shall—under just restraints, and making haste carefully—as one man in the work of restoring, as Mr. Lincoln said, 'the discovered States into practical relations with the Federal head.'" Manifestly, this obligation to make "Peace" involved two propositions—viz.: (1) To solidify the Republican Party, (2) To govern righteously, firmly, affectionately, the conquered South; to solidify it under the War Dispersal; and restore it, with a new and thoroughly Union Heart, to the Union of American States. Has General Grant done any of these things? On the contrary, has he not made discord everywhere?

Let us see. Has General Grant united the Party in the North? Is it united? Are Sumner, Greeley, Trumbull, Schurz, Logan, and the old founders of the Republican Party, satisfied with its management and progress? Obviously not. Have their wishes been consulted? Has their counsel been asked? Not at all. Each one of their independent sentiments has been assailed or crushed, and the most prominent of these gentlemen have been declared outlaws by this Man of Peace. To avoid the clear despotism of the fraudulent Philadelphia Convention, the old statesmen have been forced

into what looks like a party schism. They are obliged to appeal to the people through the Cincinnati Convention. The Military Ring having usurped all the functions and prestige, and all of the party machinery, nothing else was left but discord or flat submission to irresponsible tyranny. Shall we call in question the motives of men like those above quoted? Surely may we appeal to their record to defend them against the charge of Faction. This discord, then, has been made by the cunning strategy and hank movements of General Grant, operating, as he would in war, at the head of Regular Troops. Is this the way to make Peace in the party which, out of nothing, has made General Grant what he is? Is this patriotism? Is it common decency or modesty? Is it gratitude? or, on the other hand, is it not evidence of an ungrateful stewardship—of an unholy and purely selfish ambition?

There are countless men who dislike General Grant who could cordially unite—Democrats and Republicans—on some acceptable leading statesman, whose name and character shall justify the belief that he can carry the whole country through its present perils and afflictions. Who is the "dog in the manger" that prevents this? In whose hand is held the apple of discord? If ever there was a time when Americans, like a band of brothers—Democrats and all—should unite to help a disordered Commonwealth—a common mother—that time is now. But while one-half of the Northern Republicans, at least, are displeased with General Grant's conduct and capacity, the entire Democratic masses dislike him above all other prominent men; and yet they are willing to commit themselves unconditionally to an elevated Republican Statesman. Who is it that stands in the way of this adjustment?

It is even worse in the South. The "peace" which General Grant has kept with the South may be seen in its shattered and piteous, and distrustful and helpless condition. It has been a land for the forays of Carpetbaggers; a wreck for pillage and plunder; a foot-ball for men like Senator Morton to kick at, whenever his sectional master has been short of "political capital." And, with all her shame and errors, what is that once great, rich, grand and glorious South, unless it be a part of the common American inheritance, which we are bound to preserve and protect? Is it designed that the Civil War shall result in a permanent alienation and dismemberment of the South? She has rebelled; she has lost her brave sons; her daughters are in poverty and tears; her estates are mostly gone; her spirit is high broken; she has suffered dishonour; she has repented in the very dust, in sackcloth and ashes. What more? Shall she be utterly despoiled? Are we to tax and encroach on her till we rob her of, and appropriate, her remains and fountains of wealth, like so many Vandals? Are we to mutilate her prostrate body like butchers? It is either this most ungenerous and dastardly policy that is to prevail for ever, or we are to lift her up, rebuild her industries, make her homogeneous with us, interested with us, and an equal partner in the progress of a common country, now happily purified, by the war, of all serious subjects for discord. In this matter, General Grant has given us no "peace." He has seen little else in the South but the Ku-Klux, a band of marauders not unlike to our New York Roughs, the filthy growth, short-lived and sporadic, of a rank war.

He has juggled with the South, keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. His judgment of them has been wholly formed by the reports of his subordinates—carpetbaggers, satraps—whose bread and butter depend on sectional alienation. He has not their confidence. They regard him as a tyrant. So wholly has he ignored the south, that we almost cease to hear that section spoken of, unless when it is to be battered at by party stump speakers, or Presses—which are like to them—in hot party times; and then, only as an objective and hot tip point, against which to rally the solid hosts of an overwhelming North. We can never preserve the United States under a policy like this!

We must have a change. Either Cincinnati or Philadelphia must give us this change, or the Republican Party is doomed. And heaven alone knows what may follow.

The writer claims to be an ardent Republican. Those who know him, know this well. But, as he understands the mission of that party, it is—to perpetuate the American Union, under the Amended Constitution, as legislated by the late war. To perpetuate and develop a nation, not a knot of belligerent States, but a nation, such as that which the War quickened into life, the common parent of minor so-called "Sovereignities," separated like its waves, yet united like the ocean. The leader who is to help us on in this way of glory must be a statesman and publicist, a thorough patriot, a noble and enlarged and unpartisan man, who can command and retain the universal respect. Not the flash, foam and bubble of Accident, the mushroom growth of a national commotion.

I suppose the satellites of that exclusive wing called the Grant Party dislike biting truths like the above. They hit hard. They go beyond Contracts, Taxes and Salaries. They address, in an humble way, the monitions and counsels of Washington to the hearts and consciences of the American people; to their fraternity and love of country; to our common responsibility to transmit our free inheritance to posterity. From the standpoint of these Grant worshippers, we are bastards, and they the only honest inheritors of the work of men like Abraham Lincoln—a patriot, whose last acts and words were those of pacification, and for a speedy subjection of the military to the civil powers.

Bastards! Well, there is a bird called the cuckoo. He is said to usurp honest nests, to drive out the proper heads of families, and to substitute his own brood. Some naturalists call his story a fable. Fable or no fable, it has precisely here this point, viz.: General Grant is now attempting to play the cuckoo in the Republican family. His military brood is spurious in our line. When he declares his Philadelphia Convention to be our Nominating Convention, he proclaims that (falsehood) as an usurper in our household. When he denounces the Cincinnati Convention as illicit, he acts the cuckoo game completely out. He would reverse the tables and have illegitimate illegitimate, and illegitimate legitimate! To be afflicted by a dynasty of cuckoos is an intolerable suggestion! For that humiliation the country, as I take it, is hardly yet prepared.

### MUSIC.

DURING the last three weeks Mr. Engel, the distinguished musician, and inventor of the organ which bears his name, has given three matinees, mainly devoted to the exhibition of the qualities of this instrument, and incidentally, of course, to the display of his own admirable performance upon it, at

the Union League Theatre. Mr. Engel is a most thorough artist, and the power and flexibility of his touch are only surpassed by his marvelous delicacy. Perhaps no one but himself could so thoroughly display the qualities of the Engel organ, which will form an almost invaluable addition to the music of our country-houses and our smaller chapels, where an instrument of greater power and as much refinement as a piano may be required. Improved as it has lately been, it completely answers every want of the amateur as well as of the musician.

### FINE ARTS.

PICKETT, the sculptor, has just completed a cabinet bust of Professor Morse, which is a wonderful likeness, and distinguished by the same eminent qualities as a modeler which marked his status of the great man, now deceased, erected some year, more or less, since, in Central Park. The likeness is speaking in its verisimilitude, and will enable all who admire the memory of one whose invention so grandly benefited the present age—and who are there amongst the civilized and educated who do not!—to procure a likeness which will recall the Dantesque outline of one who has done so much for the immediate present, and yet more for posterity.

### BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

THE METRIC SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. By FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, S.T.D., LL.D., President of Columbia College.

An address delivered before the Convocation of the University of the State of New York, constituting, with its appendices, a history of the origin and progress of metrological reform, and showing, in a most convincing manner, the benefits that would arise from the universal adoption of the metrical system.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA. Compiled and Arranged by HAYARD TAYLOR. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

A volume of "The Illustrated Library of Travel," with a map and fourteen engravings.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From HENRY HOYT: "Chantry's Boy," by Alice Robbins; "Carrie Williams and her Scholars," and "Arthur Lee," a story for boys.

From SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & Co.: "Mémorial of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographical Reminiscences of William Chambers."

From D. APPLETON & Co.: "Good-by, Sweet-heart," by Rhoda Broughton.

From D. COLVY, London: "Talk and Travel; or, Two Strings to Your Bow," by Biceps.

From JAMES MILLER: "Robert Woodleigh, and Other Poems," by Philip Stoner.

From MUNN & Co.: "The Science Record for 1872."

From ROBERT M. DE WITT: "The Baseball Guide for 1872."

From VIRTUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of the Art Journal.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### Canal in the Valley of the Rhone.

A French manufacturing company have commenced the work of digging a canal in the valley of the Rhone, beginning at a point where the river of that name leaves the Lake of Geneva to lose itself beneath the rocks of the mountains of Vuache and Grand Crodo. The course of the river between these points is marked with frequent falls, giving it an immense water-power, which the company thus propose to utilize. On account of the rocky nature of the grounds, many excavations will have to be made. Our illustration depicts this part of the work, and at the same time gives an idea of the gigantic nature of the undertaking.

#### The Cologne Cathedral.

On the 4th of September, 1842, King Frederick William IV. laid the corner-stone to the southern portal of the magnificent cathedral, in the presence of a number of princes, thus renewing work on this ancient cathedral, which has for so many centuries remained incomplete. The southern facade is peculiarly dazzling in appearance. The figure ornaments created by the sculptor, Professor Möhr, are beautiful in the extreme. The practical application of steam in the erection of this immense cathedral has proved extremely serviceable. The relief figures over the entrance of the southern portal have been executed at the expense of Emperor William, who takes a lively interest in the completion of the structure. He received the protectorship of the cathedral on the 20th of February, 1861. Eleven years have since elapsed, and the progress in the erection of the building has been very great. In regard to the western facade, its three portals are similar in one respect to those of the southern portals. They are rich in figure-ornaments. Over the centre portal the giant window will be built, embellished with costly colored glass, and manufactured in Lübeck at the expense of the Crown-Prince and Princess. Above this window the frontal will be situated, which will stand forth between the towers. On both sides the mighty towers will be built, and profusely ornamented. The western facade presents one of the most brilliant specimens of architecture to be found throughout Germany.

#### Attack on a Train by Brigands in Spain.

On the 20th of March, a mail railway train on the road from Andalusia to Madrid was stopped by a band of brigands, who had previously torn up two rails between Valdepenas and Manganares. In spite of the obstinate resistance of several passengers, who were armed, and not without some wounds on both sides, the robbers succeeded in pillaging the train and the passengers, and made off successfully with their booty.

#### The Giant Serpent in the Berlin Aquarium.

We present an engraving of one of the huge serpents of the Berlin Aquarium. These serpents are of a peculiarly voracious nature. They lie in a state of lethargy until meal time approaches, when they become aroused to a full knowledge of earthly things. The dainty morsel shown in our engraving is no less than a full-grown rabbit, which is entwined by the serpent, and after several "affectionate squeezes," the latter begins to devour its victim. A large variety of these immense serpents is on exhibition in Berlin, and the manner in which their meals are served is a particularly interesting study to visitors.

### Palestine—Explorations of Jerusalem—Rock-Cut Cistern under the Site of Solomon's Temple.

Through the agency of the Palestine Exploration Fund, excavations have lately been made, the results of which are of the highest interest to the historian and Biblical scholar, revealing to the eye the Jerusalem of the past. The Holy City must now be conceived as completely buried far below the present surface under the accumulated ruins of many centuries. Titanic fountains, enormous cisterns, interminable tunnels, secret conduits, vast and profound caverns and tomb-like hollows lie quite hidden at various depths beneath the present city, and even as far down as 125 feet has been found the work of man. The "Bah-el-Khebeer" is one of the wonders of underground Jerusalem, which is the subject of our illustration. Its Arabic name means "The Great Sea," and it is by far the largest of all the many subterranean chambers under the site of the Great Temple. It is a rock-cut cistern of about 150 feet in length and very nearly the same in breadth. The great pieces of rock look like enormous pillars, and the arched spaces above, formed in the rough-cut rock, produce the impression that it is some ancient cathedral of the Gnomes. It will hold, as has been calculated, about 2,000,000 gallons, and is supplied from the Pools of Solomon, in the Valley of Urnas, about two miles south from Bethlehem.

### England.—Disraeli Receiving Addresses at the Pomona Gardens, Manchester.

The visit of Mr. Disraeli within a few weeks to the metropolis of the cotton manufacturing district, was made the occasion for extraordinary demonstrations of Conservative political sentiment. On the day after his arrival at Manchester, the Ex-Premier was conducted by his friends to the Pomona Gardens, Cornbrook, the spacious dancing-saloon of which had been hired for the assemblage of local deputations to present addresses of political fealty from all parts of the country. These marched into the vast hall in a long procession, with banners and bands of music. Three or four of these standards displayed the portrait of Mr. Disraeli. They filed past Mr. Disraeli, who stood on a platform two or three feet above the floor, with his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, in an armchair beside him. The deputations were arranged in fourteen groups. Mr. Disraeli shook hands with the leaders of each, and said a few words to them.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"Ixion" is revived at Wood's Museum.

THE theatre at Strasbourg is open again.

SAN FRANCISCO enjoyed Italian Opera last week.

"LALLA ROOKH" was removed to Niblo's on the 6th.

JANAUSCHEK appears in Hartford, Conn. early in June.

MRS. CONWAY is to bring out "Article 47" at the Brooklyn.

BRIGNOLI is to have a complimentary benefit at Philadelphia.

"LE PROPHÈTE," is in preparation at the Stadt, New York.

"BLACK FRIDAY" was withdrawn from Niblo's on the 11th.

A NEW lady orchestra from Berlin is on its way New Yorkward.

MISS CUSHMAN played in "Macbeth," at Philadelphia, last week.

LYDIA THOMPSON starts on her Summer tour 17 New York city, June 3d.

A BRITISH Choral Society has just been formed at Constantinople.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has concluded a brilliant engagement in New Orleans.

PARERA-ROSA has sung in 54 German Italian and English operas.

AFTER a lapse of seven years, Edwin Booth has appeared in "Richard III."

RICHARD, the Saxon tenor, sang at the last Sunday concert at the Grand Opera.

CARLOTTA PATTI's first concert at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, was a great success.

CARLO PATTI conducts the Sunday Concerts at Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York.

PAULINE LUCCA is said to be the reigning queen of opera in Europe at present.

MAGGIE MITCHELL was playing as "Fanchon," at the Boston theatre, last week.

THE Comique, New York, has produced a number of popular burlesques with the Worrell Sisters.

PRINCE ALFRED is to preside over the annual festival for the London Theatrical Fund this week.

THE inmates of Bellevue Hospital were recently favored with a musical entertainment on the lawn.

"HOMPTY DUMPTY" beats New York city in the number of its reconstructions. Its power is steadfast.

It is feared that Rubenstein's American tour will be postponed in consequence of Manager Grau's illness.

A NEW comic opera of American origin, "The Pearl of Bagdad," has been received with favor in Brooklyn.

MRS. D. M. WALLER, wife of Booth's stage director, is managing the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., with success.

THERE is a rumor that Verdi is occupied on a new opera, for which Alex. Dumas's "Princess George" will be the libretto.

THE original plans for the Jubilee Coliseum have been abandoned since the premature blow-out, and the building will be very plain.

JENNY LIND's daughter, aged fourteen years, is said to give great vocal promise, a source of much joy and satisfaction to the Swedish Nightingale.

FRANZ ABT's first concert in this country will be given at Washington, D. C., this week, with the Choral Society, Saengerbund, and Arions of that city.

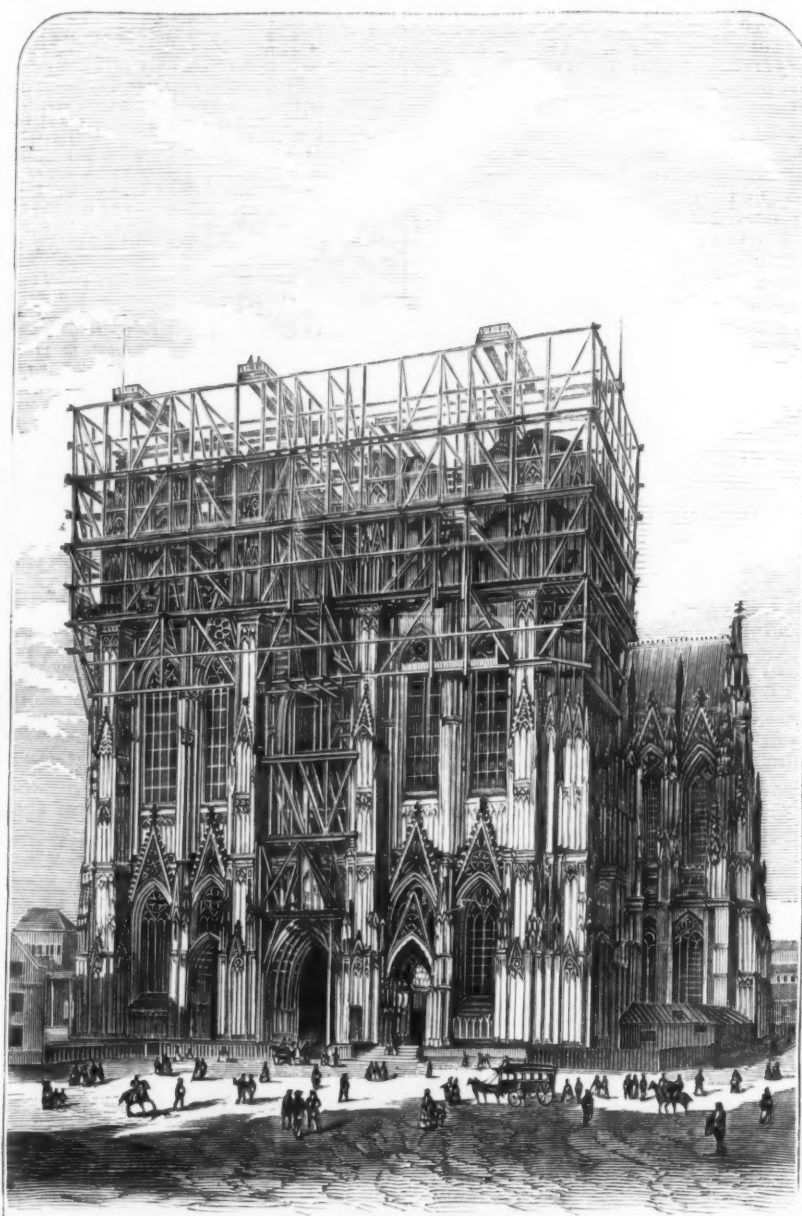
PLANTÉ, the best pianist of France, and an accomplished scholar, enjoying a social independence, seems to be the favorite artist at the Chamber Concerts in Paris.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



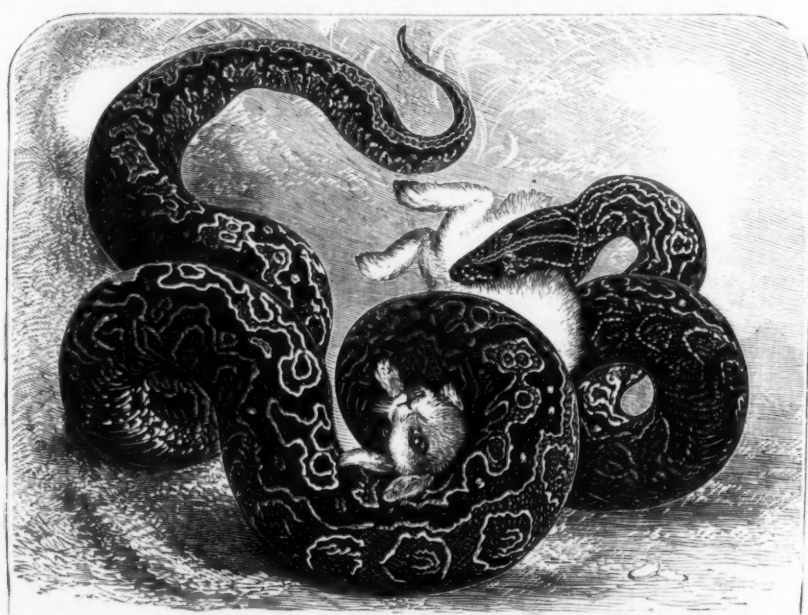
FRANCE.—CANAL WORKS IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.



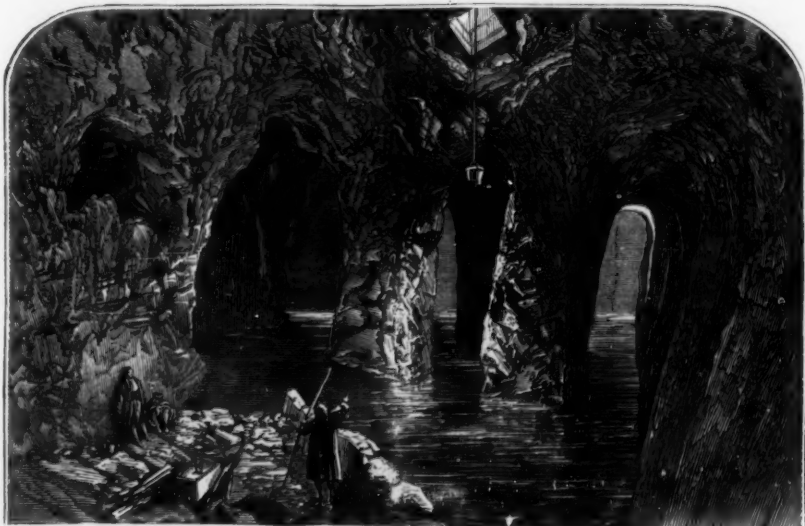
GERMANY.—PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL—THE WESTERN FAÇADE.



SPAIN.—ATTACK BY BRIGANDS ON A RAILROAD-TRAIN IN ANDALUSIA.



GERMANY.—GIANT SERPENT IN THE BERLIN AQUARIUM.



PALESTINE.—EXCAVATIONS IN JERUSALEM—ROCK-CUT CISTERN UNDER THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.



ENGLAND.—DISRAELI RECEIVING ADDRESSES AT MANCHESTER.





OHIO.—DISCUSSING THE CANDIDATES IN THE LOBBY OF THE BURNETT HOUSE, CINCINNATI, DURING THE SESSION OF THE CONVENTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY AMES L. TAYLOR.

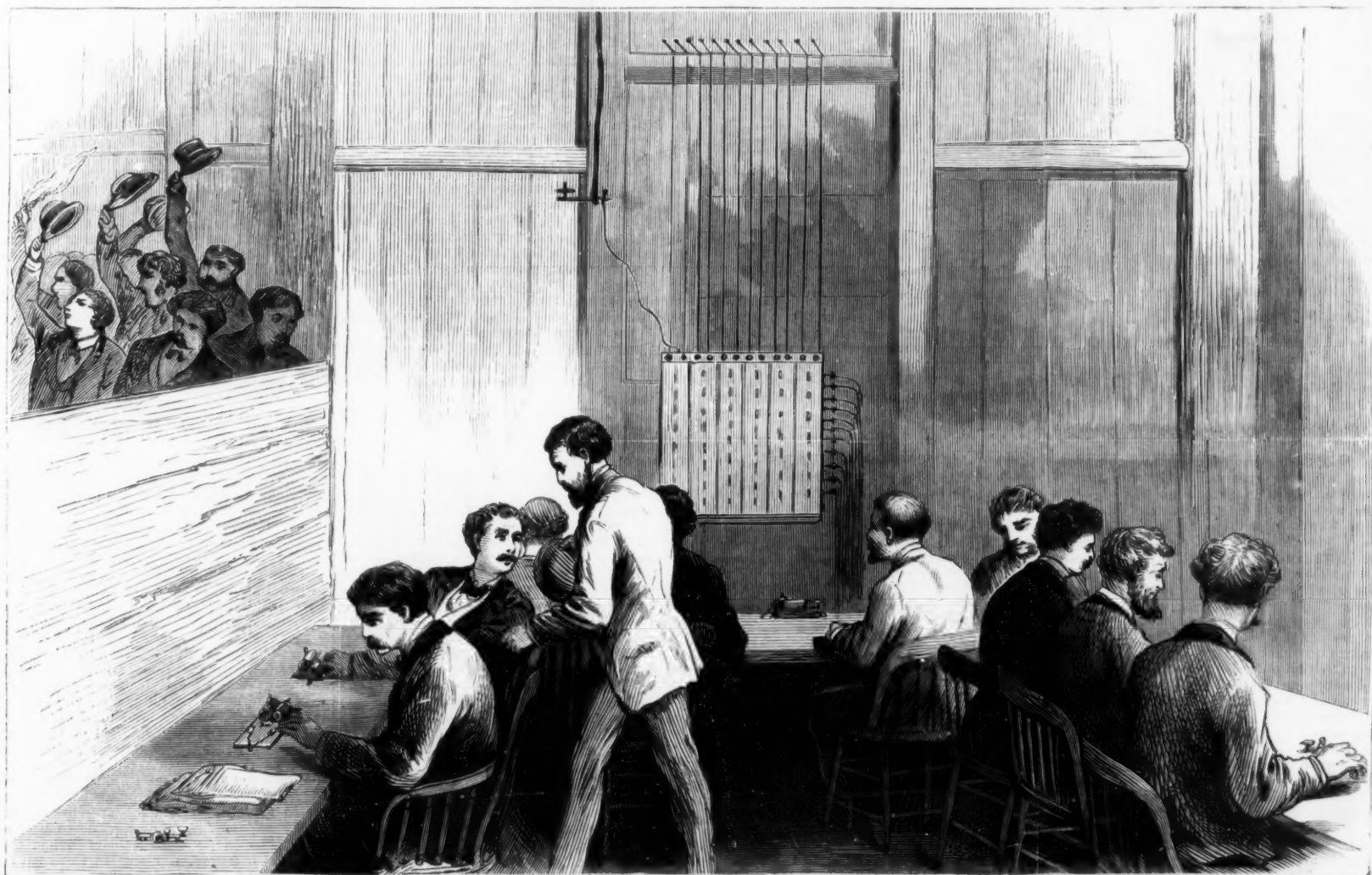
**POLITICAL REFORM.  
THE GREAT LIBERAL GATHERING AT  
CINCINNATI.**

**T**HE great Convention will long be remembered as one of the most remarkable demonstrations of the people in behalf of a righteous administration of the General Gov-

ernment. It gathered from all sections of the country men of sterling local reputation, who dared to raise their voices in opposition to military despotism, official corruption and glaring sacrifice of the people's best interests. In respect to numbers, influence and enthusiasm, it stands without a rival in the political history of the country. Questions which, it was feared,

would disturb the harmony of the occasion, were disposed of in the resolutions in a manner that could give offense to no one. The delegates were determined to take a bold stand against the wavering, puerile policy that has made the country the laughing-stock of foreign powers, prevented the resuscitation of our commercial interests, stultified the free expres-

sion of opinion in our Southern States, reduced our navy to a shameful position, and encouraged the most flagrant violations of official probity. The tariff question was the subject of the greatest apprehension, but by remitting its discussion to the people in their several Congressional districts, and to the decision of Congress, wholly free of Executive



OHIO.—THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT, AT THE SIDE OF THE MAIN PLATFORM IN THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION BUILDING—DISPATCHING THE NOMINATIONS OVER THE GLOBE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



interference or dictation, the dangers of a serious split were averted and harmony preserved.

The Second Declaration of Independence, as the Liberal Platform has been designated, is a document precious to the liberties and welfare of the people, and if the future proves it to be the basis of a new Administration, the country will be the gainer of material benefits, as well as a reputation for just and decisive action—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

This immense demonstration deserves the fullest recognition. The daily Press has given to the world minute details of the movement, its inception, progress and result. To the strong power thus freely enlisted in the good work we add the fidelity of the pencil, and while our journalistic associates narrate what was done and said, we show the method of each, transporting our readers for the time to the actual scenes.

#### THE CONVENTION BUILDING

Is known as Exposition Hall, located on the corner of Elm and Fourteenth Streets. Excellent preparations had been made by the local committee to preserve order and furnish accommodations. Besides, the great hall had been tastefully ornamented. A line of flags overhung the galleries on both sides of the hall. Beneath these a continuous line of looped evergreens fell from every white column, so as to expose above the row of painted shields of the different States, each shield bearing the name of the State in black letters on a white background. The pillars supporting the galleries were also wrapped with evergreens as far up as the gallery, and a circle was left in a large mass of evergreens for a small shield. The stage was very beautifully treated with long skeins of evergreens, covering nearly over the President's head, and at the point of convergence a great bulbous mass of ivy creeper and laurel, fresh and sparkling, dropped down and swung in the clear upper light. Over this a huge wreath of evergreen was suspended from the gas fixtures. The gas-standards on each side of the President's stand were wrapped with silk flags, wound round with evergreens. The rear of the stage was covered by a screen of silken flags, with a sheaf of standards and eagles, surmounted first with the effigy of a large spread-eagle, and above with the coat-of-arms of Cincinnati, beautifully draped. A small thicket of tropical and temperate blooms was distributed in front of and on the plank of this screen. Up in the high gable of the hall was a large painting of the Muse of History reading from a volume.

When the spacious hall was filled, it presented a magnificent aspect. The fine, intelligent faces of the delegates, the gayly-dressed ladies, and the immense audience, made a scene never to be forgotten by the fortunate spectator.

It was understood that the

#### OPENING OF THE CONVENTION

would take place promptly at noon, on Wednesday. Long before this hour, however, the hall was crowded with delegates and spectators, to its utmost capacity. The platform, and even the balcony for the musicians, were turned over to delegates. The stage, which was arranged for the seating of three or four hundred people, was packed, and the spaces allotted to the Press with outsiders. The delegations filed in without confusion. The ladies' gallery had been, through some error, kept closed, and remained for a time empty, but before the proceedings began a great rush set in thither, and in a few minutes all the available space was seized. The floor of the building was perfectly level, and a wide sea of faces covered the immense surface from wall to wall; the galleries, arranged sloping, presented the same aspect, and from the stage the scene was a magnificent one; face to face, there could be no mistaking the material of this impressive assembly.

Colonel William M. Grosvenor, of Missouri, called the Convention to order at a quarter past twelve, and after stating, in few words, the object of the gathering, nominated Judge Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, for temporary chairman. His Honor's remarks on accepting were felicitous and striking, eliciting burst after burst of applause.

Senator Carl Schurz appearing in the hall shortly after, was hailed with deafening cheers, which subsided only when he made a brief return of the compliment. In order to perfect State delegations, an adjournment was announced until the following morning, and the meeting broke up.

#### THE DELEGATES IN COUNCIL

As soon as the representatives withdrew from the hall, exciting knots were formed in the lobbies of the different hotels, the parlors, and every available apartment. At the Burnett House there was an earnest meeting of gentlemen well-known in political circles. Long John Wentworth, towering high above the heads of all the rest, was talking to an attentive friend of slight build, while Theodore Tilton shook his iron-gray locks at a stout delegate who leaned for support against a friendly column. A lame gentleman drew about him a serious group, who appeared impressed with his reasons for advocating the claims of a favorite candidate. All was excitement. The delegates realized the importance of their vote, and were determined to make a thorough canvass of the issues. It is a fine compliment to this large body of intelligent representative men to state that all the consultations were conducted with the utmost moderation of expression; nothing approaching disorder was to be seen anywhere. There was neither time nor occasion for angry bickering. Such an important matter should receive dignified attention; the spirit of harmony was recognized throughout.

On Thursday the Convention reassembled. As agreed on, each State and Territory was represented by delegates double the number of its Congressional districts, and four dele-

gates at large. The delegations, respectively headed by their chairman, duly marched into the hall and took the seats which were now regularly assigned them inside the barrier. The names of the States appeared on conspicuous sign-boards above the heads of the several delegations. Beyond the barrier, on the floor and in the galleries overhead, an audience even larger than that of yesterday crammed every square foot of space, and men swarmed like bees among the beams and braces that supported the ceiling. The stage, too, was overcrowded, and during the sessions it was difficult to move about among the vast, closely-packed multitude.

#### THE SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Judge Matthews called the assemblage to order, but an incident occurred that, for a time, interrupted the meeting. Theodore Tilton appeared, elbowing his way down the central aisle, and in his train were Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Miss Laura DeForce Gordon, of California. As they passed up the steps on to the platform, the audience rose and gave them a good-humored cheer. The band played "Come to the Gipsy Camp," and for a few moments there was general hilarity.

The first business of note was the selection of Carl Schurz for permanent President, whose acceptance was the signal for another ovation to the popular German Senator. As he appeared to respond to the honor, the band played "Hail to the Chief." Mr. Schurz delivered a most trenchant speech, which enlisted the earnest attention of his vast audience. Much time was consumed in the consideration of the report of the Committee on Credentials, and the subject of the tariff question. Three sessions were held on Thursday, each being well attended and followed by outside caucuses.

#### BALLOTING FOR CANDIDATES.

On Friday, the third and last day, the greatest excitement was manifested. Mr. Horace White, chairman of the Committee on the Platform, presented an address and series of resolutions as a sober expression of the duties of the hour and the honest demands of the people. The report was received with unanimous favor as the official platform of the Convention.

The next order of business was stated by the Chair to be the nomination of candidates for the Presidency, without the formal presentation of candidates. The roll of States was then called.

Before the vote was announced, Gratz Brown, by unanimous consent, took the stand and thanked his friends for their support of him, but withdrew his name, and asked his friends to support Horace Greeley.

Many changes were made in the votes, and on the first ballot there was no choice. The enthusiasm increased momentarily. The second ballot was as follows:

Greeley.....	239	Davis.....	51
Adams.....	243	Brown.....	2
Trumbull.....	148	Chase.....	1

Other changes were made by States.

At the end of the third call the vote footed up as follows:

Greeley.....	258	Davis.....	44
Trumbull.....	156	Brown.....	2
Adams.....	164		

Brief consultations ensued. Heads nodded, eyes winked, hands beat all manner of time.

The roll was called for the fourth time, resulting as follows:

Adams.....	279	Davis.....	51
Greeley.....	251	Brown.....	2
Trumbull.....	141		

Every vote gained for Adams and Greeley was received with cheers.

The poll stood as follows at the close of the fifth ballot:

Adams.....	309	Davis.....	30
Greeley.....	258	Brown.....	2
Trumbull.....	91	Chase.....	24

The excitement now became delirious. Leaders of delegations endeavored to gain the fullest information from their associates for the next struggle.

The Chair declared the following the result of the poll at the close of the sixth ballot:

Adams.....	324	Davis.....	6
Greeley.....	332	Chase.....	32
Trumbull.....	19	Palmer.....	1

Before the vote was formally announced, Minnesota changed 9 from Trumbull to Greeley. Various States changed their votes. A scene of great confusion and noise followed. Mr. McClure changed Pennsylvania to 50 for Greeley and 6 for Davis. (Great cheers.) Indiana changed to 27 for Greeley. A stampede of changes to Greeley here occurred, and the noise and confusion that followed were very great.

Illinois changed solid to Greeley, except one delegate, who insisted that his vote should stand for Trumbull. The Chair finally announced the result as follows:

Whole vote.....	714
Necessary to a choice.....	358
Adams.....	187
Greeley.....	482

The second and last ballot for candidate for Vice-President resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes.....	696
Necessary to a choice.....	349
Brown.....	435
Julian.....	175
Walker.....	75
Tilton.....	3
Palmer.....	8

The great business being concluded, a resolution of thanks to Cincinnati, for her hospitality, and to the officers of the Convention, was adopted, and President Schurz declared the Liberal Republican Convention adjourned *sine die*.

#### SPREADING THE NEWS.

While the balloting was in progress, a busy scene was transpiring close to the main platform. An apartment had been set off for the use of the telegraphers, wherein there were ten batteries. The telegraph company, the

agents of the American Press Association, and the Associated Press, with a full corps of assistants, were in attendance. This tedious, careful work, too little appreciated by the public, aided the correspondents of different papers in letting the outside world know, from hour to hour, the progress of the Convention, and the result of the balloting.

#### ONLY A PASSING THOUGHT.

'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,

Only a passing thought,  
That came o'er my mind like a ray of the sun  
In the ripple of waters caught;  
As it seemed to me, as I say to thee,  
That sorrow, and shame, and sin,  
Might disappear from our happy sphere,  
If we knew but to begin—  
If we knew but how to profit  
By wisdom dearly bought:

'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,  
Only a passing thought.

Why should the nations fight, my friend,

Why should not warfare cease?  
And all the world would repose  
In innocence and peace.  
It seems to me, as I say to thee,  
The weak may yet be strong;  
There needs but the breath of love and faith  
To right the weary wrong—  
Throughout the world mistaught:  
'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,  
Only a passing thought.

But though only a passing thought, my friend,

You know as well as I  
That thoughts have a fashion to grow to deeds  
Under the ripening sky.  
So pass it on; let it walk or run,  
Or fly on the wings of the wind,  
Or, better still, on the wings of the Press,  
For the service of mankind;  
For the service of mankind, my friend,  
That needs but to be taught:  
'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,  
Only a passing thought.

#### MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

WHILE passing an evening with some of my friends, also detectives, at a reunion, we proposed that one of us should relate some of his experiences. Lots were drawn, and the task fell to Albert Carrette. He arose and said:

"My friends, you all know I could tell you plenty of adventures connected with myself, but I would much rather tell you another, in which I myself took no part whatever; but having made the acquaintance of a young man, who told me this story, and who was himself the hero of it, I will, with your permission, relate it, as nearly as possible in his own words."

Carrette then commenced as follows:  
I had been staying at Geneva during the Autumn months, passing my time very pleasantly, now in a boat on the lake, watching the golden sunset, or perhaps in the moonlight night, when at each splash of your ear there arose thousands of golden watery gems which, ere they fell, were silvered by the moonbeams. But the evenings were now becoming chilly, and I knew that before long the days also would be cold; so I bade adieu to the fair lake, and took my way homeward.

I arrived in Paris, intending to stay only a few days, but I was disappointed, as some little business I wished to transact there kept me lingering day after day. Now, this would have been pleasant enough at any other time of the year, but at this season how could I amuse myself, if it were not for the theatres and the Bal de l'Opéra!

One night, while the cold rain beat against my window-panes, and the wind, still colder, whistled in fitful gusts up the street, I lay on my lounge poring over Victor Hugo's last novel, and trying to understand it, the wood-fire glowing on the hearth. I dropped my book, and looking at the clock, saw it was just a quarter past seven; then I thought of going to the theatre, it was not yet too late; and so I decided I should go to the Opéra Comique, as I had seen on a poster they were going to play "Une nuit au Château," which I thought might counteract the dullness the rain generally leaves me.

Well, I enjoyed myself pretty well, for, meeting a friend there, we passed our time very pleasantly, especially between the acts, when we usually descended to fortify ourselves with punch and cigarettes, before leaving the theatre and emerging into the night-air.

At length the play was over, and we went into a café near by to refresh ourselves still more, and played a quiet game of écarté. After the second game, my friend proposed we should go somewhere and try our luck, or in other words, "fight the tiger." I agreed, and he hailed a fiacre. We got in, and he told the driver to let us out at some number I do not recollect, in Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs. We rattled along at a good pace, and after some time drew up before a very respectable-looking house, in which there appeared no lights, and whose inmates, I thought, had long since retired to rest; but when we stood on the upper steps, I could see that there was a blind over the fan-light, through the chinks of which came a dusky red glimmer. My friend rang the bell; the sound of footsteps followed, and soon the door was opened; then, after a few whispered words from my friend, we were shown up two pairs of stairs, and were ushered into a large saloon, which seemed to be an addition in the rear. Folding-doors, which had been drawn back, showed that there were two rooms, which now seemed but one.

We entered amid confused sounds from different parts of the saloon. At one side were four roulette-tables; on another side, rouge et noir, and dispersed liberally around were a number of small round tables and chairs, at

which several gentlemen played écarté, pique, etc. I remarked there were a few ladies, who sipped their *liqueurs*, some looking on, others playing. My friend and I sat down and played écarté, he telling me, in the meantime, that this house in which we were was kept by a lady who was very rich, and patronized by a goodly number of the aristocracy. She had three other places besides, and this was the smallest, but most private of them all. "You see that clerical-looking personage leaning against the mantel-piece?" he said. "Well, that's her detective; and that young lady with whom he is conversing, and whose golden hair looks still brighter beside his raven locks, is his daughter. Take care you never get caught in her toils," added my friend. I assured him there was not any danger of that. Little thought I then in what a strange place I would afterward see her.

After getting tired of our écarté and champagne fine, my friend suggested that we should try our hand at roulette, and we went over to the table. The keeper was just calling out, "Choose your colors, gentlemen," and then, when the ball ceased rolling, "Red wins this time," while he raked the shining pieces in from the losing colors. I put a five-franc piece on the black. The ball rolled, and I won. I left the money still there, and won again.

I had left off playing for a few minutes, and was standing at the side-table, eating some roast fowl, when I noticed a young man, dressed very well, but rather flashy. What called my attention to him was the glitter of his diamond studs, which sparkled with that white and peculiar glow which only pure gems emit. He had been playing very high during the evening, and though winning now and then, must have lost rather more than he gained. He addressed me, as we stood there, by saying:

"Young man, why don't you cover the red sometimes, when you play, if you're afraid to go any higher?"

I said: "I'm not afraid, but I play only for amusement."

"You must excuse me," he said, for giving you a hint, but I did think you were not a gambler; I myself only play for amusement's sake, but still I like to win, if only to be able to balance my play; and if one plays only on one color, he is sure to lose sooner or later; the black, no doubt, wins often, but if you have luck and win, your gains are so much more as you ascend from black to blue."

Our conversation continued in like strain for some time, when we agreed to try our luck once, and it being only half-past one o'clock, we again took our places at the table.

I played very coolly on black and red, venturing occasionally on the blue, and had my share of luck, or, in about an hour and a half, I found myself in possession of nearly eight hundred francs, my friend, in the meantime, playing on high colors, and the young man with the diamonds playing on them too, but losing heavily, and drinking deeply of champagne between each roll of the ball. By this time, as I judged, he must have lost nearly one thousand francs. Soon he came round to my side, touched me on the shoulder, and said:

"Can I speak to you one moment?"

I said certainly, and followed him into the refreshment-saloon. Arrived there, he said:

"I would ask a great favor of you, were I sure it would not be inconvenient," at the same time taking from his pocket a small, jeweled watch. "Would you lend me five hundred francs until to-morrow, and take 10% as security?" he said. I took it in my hand; it was a beautiful piece of workmanship, and I was surprised at its being also a lady's watch. I pressed the spring; it flew open; some letters caught my eye, and I saw there was something engraved on the inside. I held it closer, and read, "Claude à Mariette," and underneath, in a different style of letters, "Un oubli." I was too polite to inquire into or remark anything about it, so I said: "I will let you have the amount, but I must tell you first that I leave Paris to-morrow." He said: "That makes but little difference; I cannot get money till morning, but we can meet at noon at the Café de Londres, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, if you will not leave before that hour." I mentioned that would be agreeable, and gave him the money, putting the watch in my pocket.

He thanked me, and went once more to the gaming-table, while I joined my friend, and we sat down to watch the different games around us. I did not mention the loan I had made to him, as he would have said, no doubt, that I was a fool, and I did not care to be laughed at; and, besides, I thought I had at least well the worth of my money.

We staid in the saloon until about four o'clock, and I parted from my friend outside. He was to leave for Egypt in the morning. He traveled for a London house, and we were to meet again at Paris in the Spring, to which place I expected to return.

I went home in good spirits. I had nearly three hundred francs more in my pocket than when I had left my rooms—the five hundred I had lent the young man not included. I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I took out the watch, and read the inscription once more—"Claude à Mariette," "Un oubli"—and wondered what it could mean. Perhaps it might have been a present, which had been returned. I thought; but, alas! I could only guess. I fell asleep at length, and dreamed about cards, watches, dramas, roulette, etc., and so I enjoyed myself in dreamland until about eight o'clock, when I dressed, packed up my things, and went out to a restaurant near by and breakfasted. I afterward strolled around until half-past eleven, and then went up the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré to the Café de Londres, which I entered, called for some brandy, lit a cigar, and took up a newspaper to pass my time away till he should come. I had been reading some time, and now it wanted but five minutes of noon. He did not arrive. I read on till twelve; still he did not. I waited until half-past, then went to the proprietor, and told



him, if a young man should call for any one of my description, to tell him he would find me at my rooms any time up to three o'clock. He promised me he would do as I requested, and I left the café.

I could not understand this. Had I been taken in by a sharper? I thought not; to make sure, however, I went to a jeweler on the Boulevard des Italiennes, showed him the watch, and asked its value. He examined it, and said: "We sell watches of that pattern at one thousand francs each." I felt a little surprised. I went to my rooms, thought the matter over, but could not fathom the mystery. Here was a man who pledged his one-thousand-franc watch to me for five hundred, and did not come to claim it. There was but one way of solving it, and this was, that perhaps he had lost heavily, and could not raise money enough to redeem it. Perhaps he had forgotten our place of meeting. I thought myself justly entitled to it until redeemed. I waited till three o'clock at my rooms, and then went back to the café. He had not come there to look for me since I had left it, so I went once more to my rooms and decided to leave.

I left that evening for Rouen, and having some business, I decided to remain there a few days. I thought no more of the watch, or of my friend who wore the diamonds, until one morning, in reading the paper, I saw a column headed by the words, "Atrocious Murder." I read it; it was this:

"On Tuesday evening a canalman noticed a body which had been left dry on the bank of the Seine, near the Pont Neuf. He managed to get it into his boat, and nearly fainted at the awful sight he beheld. It was the body of a young man, whose throat was cut from ear to ear. He was elegantly dressed, but his clothes were all torn, as if he had struggled hard for his life. His body now lies at the Morgue, but has not as yet been recognized. Nothing was found on his person but two letters, the contents of which, it is said, will no doubt give some clue to enable the detectives to trace the murderer and arrest him before many days; until the arrest is made, everything is kept secret. It is, however, whispered that a beautiful young woman named Mariette Gaudoin has been arrested as a suspected accomplice of the murderer. We will keep our readers informed, from time to time, as further developments may present themselves."

I laid the paper down, went to my room, and began to think calmly on what I had read. First, Mariette was the name inscribed on the watch, and it was also that of the murderer's accomplice.

Then I thought of such characters who usually frequent gambling-houses, and that the young man who had given me the watch might be in some way connected with the murder.

I reasoned with myself for some time, and then came to this conclusion: That the watch I had was the property, perhaps, of Mariette Gaudoin, the suspected accomplice of a murderer; that the young man who pledged me that watch was most likely the murderer. If not, why did he not meet me and redeem it? I remembered the date; the murdered man had been found in the evening of the day on which I was to meet the young man in the Café de Londres. Perhaps he had heard it, and feared to come, as he might have been arrested.

The more I thought on the matter, the more I felt convinced my suppositions were correct. Then I began to think of what course I should pursue. Ought I send the watch to the police headquarters at Paris, and state the facts? I came to the conclusion it would be a bad plan, as I would surely be arrested, and perhaps detained for many months as a witness, or, at least, until the case could be disposed of; and, besides, I thought the watch did not belong to the murdered man, and that the detectives could work up the case well enough without me. So I decided to keep myself quiet, and not say anything. I thought next of selling the watch. But I gave up that idea, as the name was engraved on it. So I concluded I would keep it, say nothing, watch the papers, and leave France as soon as I could. I staid in Rouen but one day more, and then took the train for Dieppe, in which place I intended to rest a few days and see the papers, as I was becoming more interested each day. The papers, however, contained nothing new—merely a *résumé* of the facts already stated, with the usual addition, "The detectives expect hourly to arrest the murderer."

One evening, while in the billiard-room of the hotel, a young man invited me to join him in a game. I consented, and we played for an hour or so, after which we went up to his room, smoked, and played pique. He remarked while playing that we looked so much alike, we might be taken for brothers. I had not especially remarked the likeness between us until now, but it was not very great. The similitude merely consisted in both of us wearing a rather long red beard, and hair the same color; but, then, his eyes were blue, mine gray, and he had a scar over his left eye. Still, one of us might have been taken for the other at a distance.

We played till midnight, and I left him, going to my room; but an indescribable feeling came over me, and I could not sleep. I tossed about on my bed, and then got up, lit a cigar, and sat at my window, looking down on the "Quai Henri Quatre," smoking.

It had just struck two from the Church of St. Jacques when I saw a carriage drive up to the door, and three men got out and entered the hotel. I wondered where they could have come from in a carriage at that time of the night. I sat smoking and drinking, when a light rap came to my door; I unlocked it; it was my friend with whom I had been playing billiards. He had a valise in his hand, and appeared in a hurry, but not in the least excited.

"They have just sent a carriage for me; my

father is not expected to live till morning; take care of this for me until to-morrow," he said, leaving the valise in my room.

All this passed so quickly, I had not time to think, and he had passed down-stairs, and I did not dream of following him, being undressed. I went back to the window, and saw the carriage drive off rapidly. Then I said to myself:

"Why did he not take the valise with him, as he had a carriage?" but, then, I thought he had needs travel quickly, and did not wish to be bothered with luggage. I was not long smoking and thinking when another rap was at my door. I opened it, and a tall, military-looking personage walked in, while another had come in my window from the balcony. I was handcuffed almost before I had time to speak; then another gentleman walked in. The tall gentleman said:

"Sir, you are arrested on the charge of murder; so please keep just as quiet as you can."

I nearly fainted. The idea of my being arrested as a murderer! I sank into a chair, while one of them said to me:

"I'm glad you fetched your luggage with you, sir; much obliged to you, for you've saved us a heap of trouble. Why, we've been following that leather valise at the door these last few days; but we always come up with the game."

"That is not my valise," I said; "that belongs to a gentleman down-stairs."

"See here, young man," said the tall detective, "the less you say about that, the better. You may tell us what you like now; but you'll be contradicting yourself by-and-by."

"But I tell you it is not mine. I am not a murderer; and I protest against this arrest and outrage on my liberty," I said. The other detective interrupted me.

"Young man," said he, "it's a pity you were not brought up to the law business; you would have made a first-class shyster. We'll give you a chance to talk the judges when we get back to Paris, but you can't talk us."

In the meantime the tall detective had forced open the valise, and, after some searching, found three diamond studs very like those I had seen on the young man in the gambling-saloon. I felt myself growing pale.

"I say, Henri, I thought we were on the right track," he said; "let us search him now."

They then commenced to search my clothes, took out everything from my pockets, and at last came to the watch.

"Young man, I'm afraid it will go hard with you," he said.

I tried to explain, but it was of no use. They made me dress myself, took everything they could find belonging to me in the room, and I was marched down-stairs between them. They brought me into the parlor of the hotel, and two of them staid with me while the other went out to see if the carriage was all right, as he said. A sudden thought struck me. I said that was the young man's carriage—he who left me the valise. The detective only smiled. I told him what had passed, and how I had seen the carriage driven away. A thought seemed also to have struck him. The detective who went after the carriage now came in; the other whispered something hurriedly to him, and he went quickly out again.

After this I was brought up-stairs to my room; they bolted the windows and locked the door. All this had been done so quietly, and in such a short space of time, that no one but the hotel-keeper and a few waiters knew anything was passing.

They then procured paper and ink, and the tall agent said: "Now, if we are mistaken, or if it should happen that you're only an accomplice, tell us all you know truthfully, and you may get off much easier. I have my own opinion about that valise," he added; "but tell me truly, how did you come into possession of the watch?"

I told him all. He smiled significantly, and when I had finished, said: "Well, you may be innocent, but I suppose you're aware that the young man who was found with his throat cut is the same who pledged you that watch, and whose diamond studs, which you must have remarked that night, have been found in your valise, or that of your friend, as you call it. Now, why did you not make it known that you had the watch, when you must have guessed it belonged to Mariette Gaudoin, the former mistress of the murdered man, to whom he had made it a present, but who returned it?"

I told him I had thought so; but I had seen by the papers that she had been arrested as an accomplice, and I had no particular wish to get myself mixed up in the affair.

The truth now flashed across my mind. The man who had left me the valise sought to shift murder on my shoulders; and he was the murderer.

I shuddered.

The agent now told me he had sent after the other man, and that he would no doubt be arrested before morning. I asked him how he would find out where the carriage went to. He replied: "Why, you see it is a frosty night; my agent will get a horse, follow the tracks of the carriage, and will probably overtake it before two hours, if it has left the town, as there is but one road leading to Rouen, and no trains leave here before eight o'clock to-morrow morning, at which hour you and I will start for Paris; so if you have any inclination to sleep, you can do so."

I slept but little that night. The next morning we left for Paris. I was allowed the privilege of a newspaper, and could not help smiling as I looked over the newest rumors and facts of the great murder, which editors had hashed up for their morning readers. After reading, I slept most of the way, dreaming of diamond studs, prisons, hotels, valises and *agents de police*, and wondered at the reality when I awoke, only to find the gray eyes of the agent fixed upon me—those eyes that looked so bright, though they had not closed in sleep for perhaps two nights before he had arrested me.

We arrived in Paris at last, and I was at once conveyed to prison.

That very day a young lady came into my cell, accompanied by an *agent de police*, in whom I recognized the one with the golden hair whom I had seen in the gambling-saloon in the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs.

The agent said, pointing to me: "Do you recognize that man?" She replied, without hesitation, that she did.

"Well, we are ready to take your deposition, mademoiselle," and the agent added: "Henri, come in and witness this." A turnkey entered. The young lady commenced in a silvery voice as follows:

"I first saw this man in a *maison de jeu* in the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs; he was playing at the same table with the murdered man, whom I have also recognized at the Morgue. Sometimes they would leave the table and take their refreshments together in the saloon. They drank in company several times, and had some private conversation. The prisoner left the house before the murdered man, who did not leave until two hours later, and had not gained much that night."

This deposition she signed with her name, Eugénie Dumont.

Here the interview ended, and I was left alone to reflect.

I heard next day, from one of the keepers, that the friend who had left his valise with me had been captured at La Forge, near Rouen, where he had made a desperate resistance, but had been overpowered.

I spoke to the tall agent, and asked him to recommend me a good lawyer. He did so, and I sent for him. In the meantime the agent said that the other prisoner was very like me, with the exception that he wore a mustache, while I had a beard. But I remarked: "He had a beard, too, when I saw him last." "Oh, we know all that," said the agent. "When we entered the hotel, he saw his game was up, so he put his valise in your room, cut off his beard, trimmed his mustache, went straight to our carriage, which was waiting, and told the driver coolly to drive him to another hotel; then paid and discharged him."

"Of course the driver never suspected anything, as he thought the murderer was one of my party."

"But the coolest part of the business was, that he came on as far as Rouen on the same train with ourselves, at least so he himself says."

"In his room at the hotel, we found a large clasp-knife with blood dried in the interstices; also the hair he had cut off."

The agent then told me the prisoner had confessed; and in his confession had stated that he had followed me from Rouen to Dieppe, to shift the murder on me, as I looked so much like him, and as he had seen me leave the gambling-house, while he lay in wait for the murdered man, and as he knew detectives were on his track.

What a singular stroke of luck it would have been in his favor, the fact of my having the watch, had chance not fixed it otherwise!

Next day, through the kindness of the agent and efforts of my lawyer, I was released on bail.

I appeared at the trial, which was very long, and was called several times to the stand.

The clue the detectives discovered the murderer by, was the fact that they had found two letters on the murdered man from Mariette Gaudoin to Claude Belin. By means of these they found Mariette, and from her obtained information that Claude had been in the habit of gambling. Then they had found he had been in the house at which I met him. I was at once suspected, and an agent started after me, having my description, which coincided exactly with the murderer, were it not that he had a scar over his eye.

The detectives then got on my track; and it so happened the murderer saw me at Rouen, where his keen eyes soon recognized me, and he determined to throw his guilt over me, thinking, no doubt, any personal resemblance to him would help considerably to that end. Little thought he, however, that the *agents de police* were following so closely in my footsteps, and that he was but making his own capture the more easy.

The trial was at length over, and as I stood there, while the judge sentenced him to death, I shuddered when I thought of the quiet game of cards he and I played together at the dead hour of midnight in his own room, where he might easily have murdered me, had he felt so inclined, as I never carried any arms. I shuddered again, and hoped he would be forgiven.

He saw me, and a bitter smile flitted across his face. He beckoned me to come to him. I went over, and he whispered hoarsely in my ear:

"Do you forgive me? I played my last game with you, and did not cheat. Adieu." I felt his cold hand in mine; he pressed it, and said:

"Gambling has brought me here! Beware! Farewell!"

It will be remembered that recently the question has been raised whether Professor Morse should be regarded as the inventor of the electric telegraph or not. Mr. L. D. Gale, of Washington, D. C., writes to the *Journal of the Telegraph*, summarizing the controversy, and stating what appears to him to be the respective claims of Professor Morse and Professor Henry. He asks the question whether the invention is to be regarded as that of a machine or of a new fact in science. If the latter, then the credit belongs to Professor Henry, who undoubtedly discovered the fact that electric currents might be sent through long distances applicable to telegraphic purposes. But if credit is to be given for the application of this principle to a useful purpose, then, as was the case with Fulton, Cyrus H. McCormack, and other inventors, Morse must be regarded as the father of that combination which men call the electric telegraph.

NEWS BREVITIES.

NEVADA has extensive borax-fields.

TEXAS has discovered large coal-fields.

CHARLESTON, S.C., has a schutzenfest.

ZANZIBAR has had a frightful hurricane.

CALIFORNIA wants to coin 20-cent pieces.

LOUISIANA is enjoying a grand State Fair.

RHODE ISLAND legislated seventeen weeks.

THROUGH tickets around the world cost \$1,145.

CHINA promises a ready sale for American butter.

THE Boston Homeopathic Fair made \$80,000.

THE Jardin des Plantes at Paris is being restored.

BROWNSVILLE, Texas, is full of Mexican refugees.

THE reign of terror in Cass County, Mo., continues.

CALIFORNIA complains of a scarcity of harvesters.

BUFFALO wants to run a tunnel under the Niagara River.

WACHTEL, the German tenor, sailed for Europe, May 2d.

MOUNT WAUTASTONET, N.H., has been on fire several days.

THE mineral springs at Central Park were opened last week.

THE Territorial Marshal has released all the Mormon prisoners.

LAWRENCE, Mass., employs 15,000 persons in its manufactories.

PHILADELPHIA is soon to turn out a Yankee made iron steamship.

THE Swiss societies of New York have a grand festival in July.

AN international chess-congress will be held in London this summer.

GERMANY has linked the duchy of Baden to Alsace by eight bridges.

THE Atlanta Boat Club has quarters at Hammersmith until the race.

IT costs \$4,000,000 per year to protect 6,000 inhabitants of Arizona.

THERE are said to be over 500 Angora goats in a single county in California.

A SUBMERGED city is said to have been discovered near St. Augustine, Fla.

THE warm weather is bringing out a frightful crop of centenarian inhabitants.

OUR last March was very cold, but not as much so as Bonaparte's from Russia.

THE Legislature agree to impeach Judges Burdett and Carlizzo of New York city.

TWENTY-two million dollars worth of steam-boat vex the turbid waters of Western rivers.

GERMANY has but one executioner. He lives in Berlin, and receives \$200 for each job.

THE famous spring at Tuscumbia, Ala., discharges 17,724 cubic feet of water per minute.

RACINE COLLEGE, Wisconsin, has a German bell-ringer, who knows the Greek posts by heart.

THE Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts will soon be commenced; \$230,000 are subscribed.

THE obsequies of the late Senator Hardenburgh were held at Kingston, N. Y., on the 2d inst.

THE Greeks of Smyrna have again fought the Jews, and occasioned the presence of the military.

THE Chickasaw Jockey Club, of Memphis, Tenn., is giving its annual races to hosts of spectators.

THE chair in which John Adams signed the Declaration of Independence did service at Cincinnati.

THREE competing gas companies in San Francisco have brought the price of gas down to \$2 per 1,000 feet.

THE sales of Northern Pacific Railroad 7-30 gold bonds in the United States during March and April were \$1,821,900.

A MAN in Warsaw, Ind., has a jail of his own. He bought it very cheap of the county, paying \$210 for the old institution.

BOOTBLACKS are protected in Liverpool. A policeman was sentenced to five years' penal service for stealing eightpence from one.

TROUT-FISHING is excellent now. A quarter-pound trout is considered worth two miles of tramping by those versed in such matters.

A FINE young pair of gray seals have lately been added to the London Zoological Society's collection, brought alive from South Wales.

THE second German Israelite Conference, attended by deputies from 96 Jewish congregations, will be held at Leipzig on the 14th inst.

THE Emperor of Germany has contributed 1,000 thalers from his private exchequer for the publication of a scientific report on the late Arctic expedition.

THE beautiful Exposition Hall, used for the meeting of the Liberal Republicans in Cincinnati, was erected under the supervision of Mr. Kazmizky, the architect, now of New York.

COMMANDER MEADE, of the United States frigate *Narragansett*, has made a formal treaty with the chiefs of the Navigators' islands for the exclusive use of Payo Pago by the United States.

THE evidence taken at the Buell inquiry, during the war, has been stolen, and the House of Representatives is sifting the matter, as it is thought the report reflected severely on less skillful soldiers.

IN consequence of the insurrection in Cuba, many wealthy citizens from that island have permanently located their business in Key West, causing the revenues from that point to advance 1,000 per cent. during the last four years.

SOME of the grocery firms have discovered a way to get rid of spoiled oranges and other fruit without much trouble. They box them up, set them on the walk, "forget" to take them in at night, and the boxes are never there on opening in the morning.

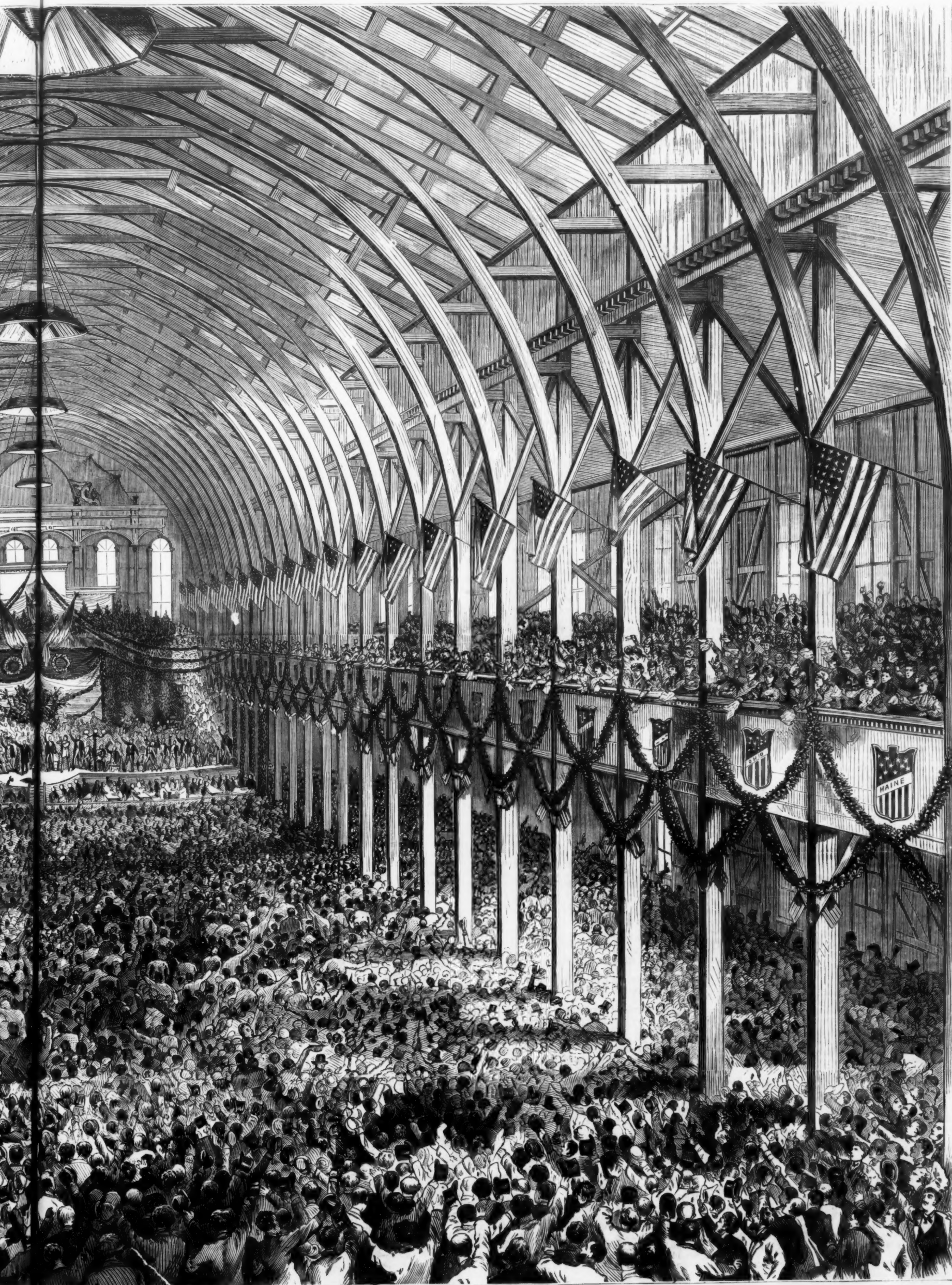
A WHITE elephant having been lately found in one of the British Indian provinces, the Buddhist sovereigns were very anxious to obtain it for their religious services. The King of Burma made a special and urgent request for the possession of the holy animal.





OHIO.—THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION OF LIBERAL REPUBLICANS—SCENE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CONVENTION BUILDING. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATION. HAD RECEIVED THE NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.





CONVENTION BUILDING AT THE MOMENT OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN, CARL SCHURZ, THAT HORACE GREELEY  
OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 149



## PRIMROSE AND VIOLET.

PRIMROSE and violet down in the lane,  
Trod by our footsteps so lightly of old,  
I welcome you out of the earth again,  
In your shaded purple and sunlit gold.

Only—if only the warm Spring sun  
Brought back the dead who died with the  
flowers!  
Ye are so many, and she was but one,  
Who faded for ever from earthly bowers;

Closed her blue eyes as the violets slept,  
Sank with the primroses into the earth;  
None could awaken her, loud though they wept;  
She will not joy in the flowers' new birth.

Primrose and violet! mine still in death.  
Those of your kindred she gave to me here;  
Granting my prayer for her youthful faith,  
And she had withered before they were sere.

Yet I must live, and must live for the right—  
It is for her and to see her again;  
And you—ye shall be where she lies this night,  
And die on her dead heart, as I would fain.

## MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY  
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

## CHAPTER XIII.

I HURRIED off to my own apartments and locked the door, for a time so overcome by anger and excitement that I could neither think or keep still. My passionate temper was roused to its full height, and my first impulse was to leave the house at once—claim the protection of the nearest magistrate—do anything, no matter how mad or how repulsive with food for publicity and scandal, that should free me for ever from the companionship of those two people.

But after a season, the whirl of rage and confusion left my brain free to act, and allowed my judgment to assume its proper control. I could look at the whole matter clearly, and I saw that my passion had led me astray. I should have felled the wretched man with his own weapons—employed artifice against artifice, at least, until Roland was gone. If, by my outburst, I had endangered his safety—roused suspicions in the minds of the wily pair which would cause them to institute a search! If Roland should be discovered! The idea was so horrible, that I shrank from it, afraid lest my brain should indeed give way, and I be left utterly powerless in the hands of my enemies.

The mystery, too!—for all my suspicions had been made certain by the conversation I had overheard. There was one—only one so dark and terrible, that even in their privacy they dared not do more than allude to it in vague mention. If I left the house, I should be powerless to discover anything in regard to it, and my last hope of benefiting Roland would be gone. That it was in some way connected with him I was as firmly convinced as if his guardian angel had appeared and warned me. I had believed it before, now it was certainty in my mind.

Then, too, in order to free myself effectually, I must resort to a law process. I was too ignorant to know whether I could really help matters; at all events, now that my anger had cooled, I shrank with dread and shame from the thought of having my name dragged into an affair of such a nature—of being made a subject for newspaper paragraphs, for wonderment, jest and evil remarks, or of the most painful publicity in case I succeeded. But the chief inducement to remain quiet was the hope that I might penetrate the darkness which shrouded their lives, root out the dismal secret of that house, lay bare the skeleton which they concealed with such vigilance, but whose presence took every possibility of peace or rest from their miserable days.

While I was debating all these things, trying to put aside the new fears that had risen where Roland was concerned, there came a knock at my door. I opened it at once, and, as I had expected, there stood Mrs. Phelps, composed and smiling as if our abruptly-terminated interview had been of the most placid and commonplace nature.

"May I come in?" she asked, in her softest voice.

I stepped aside without a word, and allowed her to enter; it was not part of my policy to show any eagerness for a reconciliation, or, on the other hand, to continue an exhibition of temper. I must be quiet and self-controlled, and allow her to show her intentions fully.

"Dear Miss Vaughn," she began, "I cannot tell you how grieved I am at what has happened."

I only bowed; I am sure I looked cool and sufficiently dignified.

"Richard is in utter despair," she went on. "I thought an expression of contemptuous incredulity would come in well just here; I assumed it."

"Do believe me," she urged; "I don't exaggerate. I want you to let me mediate between you—to explain exactly how it happened."

"An explanation is, of course, what I was waiting for," said I, sweetly.

She was irritated almost beyond control at my self-possession, but she answered:

"You had a right to it. I assure you, Richard only opened the lock to tease you—he would not really have pained or annoyed you for the world; but he has a bad temper, and your hasty language made him as angry as yourself."

"Even that fact does not excuse your son's conduct in the least," I replied, in the same unmoved way.

"Don't judge hastily—take time to think," she urged, more earnestly than I had ever heard her speak.

"No length of time could change my opinion, madame, or alter facts."

"But you know how insane anybody gets when angry; you are quick, too."

"I am perfectly aware that I have a bad temper," said I; "but Mr. Phelps was not obliged to expose himself to it. His conduct was unpardonable, his language such as merits punishment, and I only regret that I did not summon one of your men-servants to punish the insult."

She could have killed me. I doubt if in all her weary life she ever struggled so hard to keep her pride down; but she succeeded.

"I must ask you another question," she said, quickly. "Tell me how you came by that portrait—where you ever met that wretched young man?"

She had thought to throw me off my guard—to confuse me by her sudden interrogatory, but I had too effectually taken lessons in her of dissimulation to be disturbed.

"I have never said that I had met him, Mrs. Phelps," I answered, coolly. "Your son insisted that he had discovered some wonderful secret; even if he had, I am at a loss to see what right you or he would have to meddle with it."

"No right, except that of interest in you."

"I object to interest that goes to such lengths," I retorted, with the same galling composure; "nor would it be safe for any person in this house ever to show such again."

She bit her lips till the blood almost burst out, but her voice was persuasive as ever as she began:

"My dear young friend—"

"One moment, if you please," I interrupted; "allow me to finish what I had to say. The slightest explanation to your son would have degraded me in my own eyes after his conduct, and matters have gone so far that even to you I utterly refuse to make any—deny your right to question—and will only say that Ruth Byerson can tell you I copied the miniature from a portrait in her possession."

"Ah," she said, with a deep breath of relief; "that accounts naturally enough for the whole."

I was in ecstasies at thus easily allaying her suspicions, but did not fail to follow up the advantage I had gained.

"Whether it does or not is a matter of no moment to me, Mrs. Phelps—understand that distinctly! Who or what my acquaintances were before I entered your house, does not concern you, still less your son; but you may decide for yourself whether it is most probable that I had known Roland Weston, or whether I made that sketch and put it in the lock as a bit of girlish romance. Either way, I don't care; and I beg you distinctly to understand that the human being does not live from whom I will submit to dictation or questioning on any subject that concerns me alone."

She was too much gratified by having this new hope, to heed my arrogance or be angry; her whole face brightened as I had never seen it.

"I was sure of this," she said. "I was startled at first, but when I considered the matter, I knew you never could have met him."

"I don't know why you should have been startled."

"At the idea of your having known a man who, whether innocent or guilty, had been made so notorious."

"Madame," said I, "before I came here I was under the guardianship of the noblest, the best man that ever lived; no matter who I had known, it would have been with his consent. I would advise you not to hint that he could ever err in his judgment."

"I respect Mr. Ramsay's memory as much as you can do," she replied, gently. "Oh! my dear Eleanor, try to lay aside your prepossession against me; let us be friends; you must know that I only wish for your welfare."

"I am glad to believe it, Mrs. Phelps."

"So there's an end of that matter; don't let's remember it. And you will try to forgive Richard?"

"I don't think I am prepared to say that."

"For my sake, dear girl. I don't often ask favors of anybody. It would be so painful to me to have any misunderstanding between you two; you are my ward, and must live in my house—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, woman-like, unable to resist giving her another stab. "I have not decided that I shall do so, I assure you."

"But you must; you cannot free yourself from my legal control; you cannot live elsewhere."

"One moment, Mrs. Phelps! I am not learned in the law, but I am very certain there is no country where the bonds of a minor cannot be broken, if the guardian abuses power."

"Dear child, what have I done? I have tried to be your friend. I have treated you like a welcome guest."

"I do not complain of you, madame; but it is your duty to protect me from annoyance while in your house."

"Ah, Eleanor!" she sighed, "you are like every young girl; you are pitiless toward the man who loves you."

"I do not choose to hear such words," I answered.

"They were involuntary. I beg your pardon," she said. "I did not come to plead Richard's cause. I do not know what has passed between you; but it is so plain that he loves you, that you cannot be ignorant of it."

I made a gesture with my hand, as if waving the subject aside as too unimportant to discuss. I knew it was the most annoying way to treat it, and I was merciless.

"Let it all go," she persisted; "I only ask you to forgive him for my sake."

"I have seen no signs of penitence," I said; "his last words were an insult."

"Remember the dreadful things you had said; let that be a little excuse. I entreat you for my sake, forgive him entirely. I don't often ask favors. I beg you now, by the love

your dead mother had for me, to forget this unfortunate affair."

She had employed an argument which would have subdued me without other motive.

"Stay here quietly for the present," she went on; "as soon as possible I will make arrangements for you to visit some friends of mine in the city. Your own wishes shall be consulted entirely—only don't do anything rash which you might regret afterward."

Instantly I thought:

"They have some motive for wishing me out of the house for a time; it is an arranged plan."

I listened patiently enough to all her persuasions, then I said:

"Let the matter rest; but recollect, Mrs. Phelps, you have invoked my mother's memory; by its sacredness, I charge you to deal fairly with her child."

She was very pale and much agitated, but she drew herself up, and answered with sudden haughtiness:

"When I fail, it will be time enough for you to offer me counsel." She checked herself quickly, and added, in a soft, false tone: "Let us leave this matter; we are both a little excited yet! May I tell Richard you forgive him?"

"Yes; tell him so."

"Then, everything is settled! My dear, I hope this little difficulty will make us understand each other more clearly, and leave us better friends."

It had made her my bitter, implacable enemy; I could see that in her face under its mask.

She uttered a few more honeyed phrases, and went away. I remained alone in my room until nearly dinner-time, my privacy only broken in upon by a visit from Ruth Byerson, to whom I related all that had passed.

"Only take care of him," she said. "If ever he should get the opportunity to pay you off, he'll do it. The smoother and softer he is, the more you must trust him. I shall tell Mrs. Phelps about your copying the likeness. She'll ask me before the day is over, and I'll show her it's impossible you could ever have seen the boy. But take care of that man, Miss Elly, I warn you!"

"I shall, Ruth; I am on my guard. Neither his false penitence or polished fascinations can blind my eyes."

When I went down into the library, Richard Phelps was there alone, sitting by the fire, apparently lost in dreamy thought. He rose as I entered, and came forward in a hesitating way, and half held out his hand. It was all acting—I knew it.

"I don't know what to say," he exclaimed; "my mother tells me you have promised to forgive me."

I bowed in silence.

"Shall we be friends again?" he urged.

"That rests with yourself," I answered.

"Indeed, I was only in jest when I snatched the lock," he went on. "I just wanted to vex you; but you made me very angry. I am sorry to admit that my temper is frightful; but I began it all in sport."

I recalled the light in his eyes, the eager, revengeful expression in his face when the locket fell, and my aversion grew stronger with every lie he uttered.

"Mrs. Byerson has told my mother that you copied that picture just for a bit of romance. That subject I cannot talk about, even to you; but believe, in spite of the horror with which his crime fills my mind, I feel deep sorrow for my wretched cousin."

How I ever stood there calmly and listened I cannot tell. No man could have shown such self-control; but we women have a strange force in our natures, when the safety of some beloved object depends upon our fortitude.

He was looking full in my face as he added: "Of course you could never have known him; Mr. Ramsay would not have permitted it. The best thing for himself, and all connected with him, would be his death. If he should ever venture to this country, detection and punishment would be inevitable."

I felt about blindly for a chair, and sat down. I dared not speak; the effort would have ended in a shriek; my only hope was in that passive silence which might be mistaken for haughty indifference. His eyes had wandered from my face, but I knew he was watching me still. His suspicious mind had not accepted the tale at which his mother had grasped so eagerly; he yet doubted; he would be constantly on the alert. I could neither sleep or breathe in security till Roland was gone.

Four days yet before he would be in safety. What might happen in that time! For two days I had not seen him. What must he think? What reckless step might he not take in his anxiety to know the cause of my strange conduct?

I bore up under all those torturing thoughts. I sat at the dinner-table, smiling and calm. Oh, I do believe no wretched sufferer upon the rack ever endured more than I did during those hours, which seemed endless!

Mrs. Phelps did all that she could to keep my feelings softened and gentle. She talked of my parents; told me anecdotes of my mother, and their girlish friendship, when Richard had left us together while he smoked his cigar, and at last rose to go up to her room for an ornament of which she had been speaking.

"It is a little pearl cross that your mother gave me," she said; "you shall wear it among the charms on your bracelet. It will remind you how close the tie is between us."

I sat there while she was gone, full of anxious thoughts, when the door opened and Ruth Byerson looked in, the palest woman I ever saw eyes on. When she saw I was alone she hurried into the room, exclaiming in a frightened whisper:

"Why didn't you tell me! I thought it was his ghost!"

"You have seen Roland?" I moaned, catching her hands. "He has been here?"

"Yes, yes! He was nearly crazy about you. Oh, why hadn't you prepared me?"

She began to tremble violently and wring her hands.

"Don't stay here," I said; "they will be back."

"Yes, I know! I saw Mrs. Phelps go upstairs, and I knew he was in the dining-room, so I crept in. Oh, my boy! I've seen my boy!"

"Be still, Ruth! A word, a look may be his death!"

She forced herself into quiet, though the color would not come back to her face, or the frightened look leave her eyes, over which shone the great love and devotion which filled her soul.

"I had gone out for a little walk," she went on. "I was down in the shrubbery when I came full upon him, rushing toward the house. I just fell over as if I'd been shot. I thought he was dead, and this was a warning."

"He is mad!" I cried; "mad! Where is he? I must go out. Oh, if they follow me!"

"No, no; he's gone. He went away patient enough when he found you wasn't sick. He wants you to come to the old place. Oh, my boy, my boy!"

"Ruth, for God's sake, stop!"

"I will, I will! There, I'll go now—I'll go!" She was holding fast to my hands, her poor old face upturned with its look of love and anguish, when I heard a sound. I turned—there stood Richard Phelps.

"Is Ruth ill?" he asked, coming forward when he saw that he was discovered.

She started, but recovered herself better than I expected.

"It's one of my tantrums," said she; "just let me alone."

She hurried out of the room, and he made no remark whatever. His very silence terrified me. What had he heard? What did he know?

## CHAPTER XIV.

THAT night, after I had dismissed Teresa, and was ready for bed, Ruth Byerson stole up to my room to ease her mind by a little conversation. I had expected she would come, but so nervous was I grown, that her quiet entrance made me start as if something dreadful had appeared.

"Did I scare you?" she asked, in an unearthly whisper, that could have been heard further than conversation held in an ordinary tone.

"I don't know why, I am sure," I answered; "only I have grown so absurdly nervous."

"No wonder, living in this house—and with all you have to go through. I come up to sleep till I'd seen you and made sure by a little talk that what happened to-day was real—it seems just like a dream."

"Real enough, Ruth," I said. "But come into my bedroom—you can talk aloud there without danger of being heard."

"A body never knows in this old den," grumbled Ruth, still in the same shrill whisper, as she followed me into the inner chamber. "Now get right into bed, Miss Elly, and I'll sit here by you. I don't want you to make matters worse by catching cold."

I obeyed her in order to avoid a discussion, and as I would bolster myself up against the pillows, she insisted on wrapping a shawl about me so closely, that it was a wonder I could breathe.

"Young folkses chests is always delicate," she averred, and all my protestations that I never had a cold in my life did not move her in the least—she only drew the shawl more tightly about me, as if I had been a baby who could not possibly know what was judicious. But even if it was troublesome, her care gratified me, because I knew it proceeded from affection, and in my solitary life, so beset with cares and dangers, it was pleasant to have any evidence of real, honest love.

"Have they gone to bed?" I asked.

"The madame's up in her own room—goodness knows when she goes to bed. I guess half the time she takes sleep for granted. Many a time I've peeped into her chamber after she'd gone down in the morning, and known by the looks of the bed she hadn't laid down the whole blessed night, though the clothes would be pulled off just to make believe—but I ain't a bat, my dear."

"What is it troubles and wears upon her?" I questioned.

"Goodness knows; I've often thought there was something more than I dreamed of, but I never could make head or tail of it. Mebbe it's only worry over that young scamp—he's worry enough for one woman, and she's awful fond of him—a perfect slave. He's off again to-night as soon as you came up-stairs."

"Where to?"

"Oh, down to the village. There's two or three city men up on a hunting trip—bad fellows, too, I hear—and Richard goes to the tavern to play cards with 'em, and keeps that poor woman a-watching."

"After all his promises to her this afternoon!"

"Oh, law, he don't mind what he promises, and he breaks them just as easy."

"Poor woman," I said, "one can't help feeling sorry for her, though she would thank no human being to show sympathy."

"Not she; prouder than Lucifer she always was! And she may thank herself for a good deal of Mr. Richard's bad behavior—she never would let him be corrected when he was little, and was for ever talking about milkops and youthful saints, and calling them hypocrites. She meant Roland, you know—law, how she did hate him."

"So I suppose she was all the more civil and courteous."

"Of course; but so aggravating with it; then, when she had stung him into a bad temper and got his uncle to scold him, she was happy."

"What a life, my poor Roland—only to go



out of the dark shadows which surrounded his boyhood into that terrible gloom."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" exclaimed Ruth, beginning to cry at once, not tremulously—just the slow, unwilling tears that belong to an accustomed sorrow. "He ain't so much changed, Miss Elly, and he's handsomer than ever! It breaks my heart, oh, it breaks my heart just to think."

Moved as I was by her pathetic appeal, I had to put by my own agitation and soothe her. Presently she wiped her eyes, and said:

"I'm an old fool! It's harder for you than me—and how you bear it!"

"I do try to be patient, Ruth, and to have faith," I said; "but it is so difficult, so difficult."

"Indeed it is! But I believe some time everything will be cleared up—I do! It seems a providence, don't it, your coming here and meeting Roland on the way?"

"If it is not the means of bringing new danger upon him," I interrupted. "I shall never breathe easily till he is gone. I could better bear the thought that I would never see him again than have him run the risk he does."

"He must go, he must go! Oh, Miss Elly, if you could only be with him—if we could only get away, you and me. But that couldn't be," she added, half in assertion, half in question.

"If it could, do you think I would hesitate, Ruth?"

"No, no!"

"Perhaps it was unwomanly. I can tell you, Ruth, I almost offered to go—anywhere—"

"You brave heart!" cried Ruth, embracing me. "And he wouldn't hear of it?"

"He said it might bring me trouble; but when I would not listen to that, he refused to bring what he called the disgrace of his fate upon me; as if I would not be proud to bear my part of it."

"Of course you would, but he's so proud, so right, when he thinks he's in the right."

"But I have warned him, Ruth, that, womanly or not, as soon as I reach my majority and am free, I shall follow him—he shall not be left alone."

"And I'll go, too—I may, promise me?"

"Of course you shall."

"And we'll all be happy! Law, don't I know any woman would be happy as my Roland's wife?"

Roland's wife! The words thrilled my very soul with delight, in spite of the cares and grief that ached at my heart. His wife! Yes, if the cloud which surrounded him never cleared, if secrecy, exile, suffering, were to last as long as existence in this world, that boon would be the choicest happiness heaven could grant me.

"But, oh, dear," cried Ruth, after an instant's silence; "what's the use of dreaming dreams like a story-book, when to-morrow may bring worse trouble to my boy?"

"Stop, Ruth!" I pleaded, with difficulty keeping my voice from rising into a nervous shriek. "Don't make me think of such horrible possibilities, or I shall go mad outright."

"I'm an old fool!" she exclaimed, in passionate self-reproach. "You have enough to go through, in all conscience, at least I might hold my silly tongue. I'm sure there'll no harm come to him; he'll get away. I know he will, my pretty."

"I believe so, too," I said. "Heaven will not make him suffer more—no, no, if there is mercy anywhere, it will not."

I was so agitated and unnerved, that Ruth tried to comfort me still further, and called her soft bad names for tormenting me; finally we cried a little in each other's arms, and felt more composed after, according to the habit of excitable feminine nature.

"You ought to be asleep this minute," Ruth said, at last; "I've no business keeping you up this way."

"I couldn't sleep; it's a great comfort to have you to talk to, Ruth; there's no one else to whom I can speak."

"Well, I'm glad if I can do you any good, mercy knows, Miss Elly! But if it's a comfort to you, just think what it is to me, after all these years, with not a soul I could talk to about my boy. No wonder I was drawn toward you from the first, and my heart came up into my mouth when I set eyes on you."

"We have both reason to be thankful, Ruth! Indeed, without you, I believe I should be ab-

solutely afraid to stay in this house with those people."

"They're serpents, don't I know! 'Tain't that Mrs. Phelps is really wicked—she was always hard and proud—but she wouldn't be what she is if it wasn't for that son. She'd sell her soul to please him."

"And you say all her efforts don't even make him treat her with affection?"

"My dear, you don't know what that woman has put up with! Why, once when he was drunk, he struck her."

"And she pardoned it?"

"Well, that was their worst quarrel. When he got sober, she did have it out with him then. I don't know what they said, but there was an awful to-do, and she conquered. He has always treated her better since."

"She must have some hold upon him."

"Why, most of the property is in her hands. To be sure, she has let him squander a good deal, but she can draw the reins when she chooses."

"You think there is nothing besides—no other power she has of controlling him?"

Ruth looked puzzled.

"No; there can't be," she said, after a little thought. "What do you mean, Miss Elly?"

It was useless to trouble her with my vague suspicions; she could not help me; if there was a secret back, I must discover it by myself—it was better that she should be kept in complete ignorance of my fancies and plans.

"I don't think I know," I answered.

I asked some question about Roland in order to divert her thoughts—that name was always enough to turn her mind from any other subject.

She went over again the incidents of her meeting with him—sobbed a little, out of her great happiness at having once more seen his face, and mingled with her joy ejaculations of distress at the danger he ran, till she was nearly incomprehensible; and at another time I should have smiled at her disjointed talk. But there was no room in my mind then for such trifling; life was too terribly earnest—too beset with horrible chances which might leave my whole future a miserable wreck—for me to notice her whimsical proceedings.

We sat there and talked until it was very late, Ruth every now and then going into a spasm of remorse because she was keeping up, but I found a variety of excuses for detaining her—I dreaded to be left alone—I knew the night would be so long, spent either in wakeful thought or filled with the troubled dreams which haunted me of late, and left me more exhausted than the most weary vigil.

She went away at last; I saw that she was tired, and I had not the heart to detain her longer. Hours after she had gone, I fell into a troubled slumber, and dreamed in a confused sort of way of the tower. I thought Richard Phelps was trying to prevent my entrance; I knew that some dreadful object lay hidden there, and that if I could get sight of it, the mystery would be solved, and Roland freed from the danger that surrounded him. I struggled with almost superhuman strength to get past—he held my hands and laughed mockingly, and drove me mad with his reckless confessions, which I was conscious could be turned to no account. Then the dream grew more painful, till it increased to actual horror. I lost sight of Richard's face—I was encompassed by spectral shapes—I was wading through rivers of blood, pursued by venomous serpents—sometimes catching sight of Roland in the distance, crying out madly to him for help. Then the awful sights would all fade, I would be back at the entrance of the tower, trying to find the door—mad with impatience to enter—never able, though I could hear voices calling to me from the other side. At last I woke with a voice shrieking in my ear:

"The further room! The further room!"

For a second after I roused myself, I thought the words were actually being uttered close to my pillow. I had no regular sleep after that; each time I dozed I was haunted by the same visions: always trying to gain admittance to the tower, and always prevented and menaced by Richard Phelps, roused by that same wild cry which had so startled me on its first utterance.

When I rose in the morning, the influence of these dismal dreams was strong in my mind, and no attempt at argument with myself could shake the impression they had made. I felt as if a supernatural warning had been borne in upon me which I ought not to neglect, upon

which hung any hope of benefiting Roland. I determined that the day should not pass without my attempting to carry into execution the plan I had revolved for days—I would make my way into the tower and explore its inner recesses.

It was fortunate that I was not obliged to meet Mrs. Phelps or her son at breakfast, for when I looked in the glass, I could see that I was so pale and disturbed by my wretched night, that my appearance would not have failed to attract attention. But I was down late—Richard, they said, had already ridden out, and Mrs. Phelps had ordered her breakfast sent to her room, as she was suffering with headache. I was not to wait or be anxious about her, there was nothing serious the matter. I supposed it was nothing more than a quarrel with her son, or wakefulness caused by his being out all night, and I was too busy with my own thoughts and plans to think much about her.

I was wild with impatience to act upon the warning I had received; but how to gain admittance to the tower? Ruth had once told me that the keys were kept by Mrs. Phelps, and though I was now so nearly beside myself that I should not have hesitated to purloin them, how to discover where she treasured them was beyond me.

Then there came to me, in the same mysterious way—as if some higher power, willing to aid me, brought the thought—a recollection of a bunch of keys I had seen in a closet in the housekeeper's room. They were in a box in which I searched one day because Ruth told me she kept in it some books which had belonged to my mother. At the time I had not thought about the keys, which had evidently lain there a long time, for they were rusty; but now I was as certain they were the ones I needed as if I had already tried them in the locks.

I went down-stairs while I knew Ruth was engaged giving orders in the kitchen, for I did not choose to trust even her with the secret of my proposed expedition.

I found the keys in a corner of the box, and hiding them in my pocket, hurried up-stairs again, fearful of losing a moment in the task which, in my present excited state of mind, seemed set me by a mysterious agency I could not disobey.

I walked swiftly through the lower rooms until I came to the square passage that communicated with the tower. The door into this hall was unlocked. A strange feeling of awe crept over me as I stood there and looked about, but I would not give way to the superstitious emotions which came over me.

I hurried on to the great black walnut door, tried first one key, then another, but for many moments my efforts were unsuccessful. If any of them had ever fitted the lock, they were so rusty from disuse that my strength would not serve to turn them. All the time, I was beset by the feeling of haste that one often has in a dream, every instant was so precious, and I worked so slowly, my fingers were so clumsy. Oh, I should go mad with suspense! At last I took a key which I knew afterward was what is called a master-key. It fitted into the lock, turned slowly under my vigorous pressure. Suddenly I heard a sharp click; the bolt had fallen back. I was successful.

I stood motionless for a moment, divided between that strange terror and the exaltation of nerves which gave me strength. I pushed the door open, passed through, and closed it behind me. I found myself standing in a small ante-room, lighted only by ground glass doors, which led to the inner apartments, furnished with a few articles in the way of rare old chairs and carved ornaments, and a couple of suits of armor. The glass doors were not locked; all my strength seemed leaving me. With a desperate effort I pushed them open, and found myself in what had evidently been the murdered man's library.

I could neither see or move; I sank down in the first chair that offered, and hid my face in my hands like a frightened child. At length the weakness and sensation of horror passed; my nerves grew strong again; the voice that I had heard in my dreams sounded anew in my ear and roused me to fresh effort, like the presence of actual human help.

I fell on my knees and prayed. Never in my whole life had such fervent petitions gone up from my heart as in that troubled hour; never,

I think, did any human soul pour out a more agonized supplication.

I rose from my knees calmer, and with a new feeling of strength and courage. I was doing right; I should have help! If a supernatural form had appeared, and offered me a guiding hand through the gloom, I could have not felt more certainty of the presence of higher aid. I walked on.

(To be continued.)

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

POOR Carlotta is again failing.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is touring Egypt.

FRANCE persists in shooting Communists.

DR. LIVINGSTONE is alive and well at Zanzibar.

ROCHEFORT is in the kitchen department of his prison.

THE late Earl Mayo is to have an elegant monument.

SHERIDAN wants more soldiers to keep the Indians quiet.

THE girls of Rome are raising money for a statue to Garibaldi.

VALMASEDA promised to conquer the Cuban patriots by May 14.

THE Sultan of Turkey has declared for administrative economy.

THE Prince of Wales has had another thanksgiving festival.

THE Grand Duke of Nassau is the wealthiest European sovereign.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S visit to Berlin is returned by the Empress Augusta.

MARSHAL BAZAINE and General Wimpffen are to be court-martialed.

DON CARLOS, the Spanish pretender, is followed to the field by his wife.

THERE are three lady county superintendents of public schools in Iowa.

BISHOP FESSLER, who was secretary of the late Ecumenical Council, is dead.

HORACE MAYHEW, for many years attached to *Punch*, died recently in London.

WHERE is General Pratt, the G. A. T., in these days of Presidential conventions?

THE Rev. Dr. Hendricks has been consecrated Bishop of Providence, R. I.

THE Senate of Florida is a Court of Impeachment for the trial of Governor Reed.

THE assassin of Earl Mayo besought his executioner to let him die with his face toward Mecca.

CHRISTINE NILSSON and Parepa-Rosa met with a glorious ovation at their farewell appearance.

WHILE in Rome, the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a dinner, inviting Papists and Liberals alike.

A NEW literary and theatrical club has been formed in New York, with Colonel H. G. Stebbins, President.

THE venerable Bishop Morris, of Ohio, presides over the Methodist General Convention at Brooklyn.

THE pictures contributed by French artists for the relief of Chicago sufferers are highly spoken of by critics.

BEAU HICKMAN may still be found about the hotels of Washington, an impecunious relic of the days of chivalry.

AMERICANS in Berlin have formed a baseball club, and use a ball-ground accorded them by the Crown-Prince.

THE late Dr. Penniman, of Minnesota, has left \$20,000 for the establishment of a homeopathic hospital in Minneapolis.

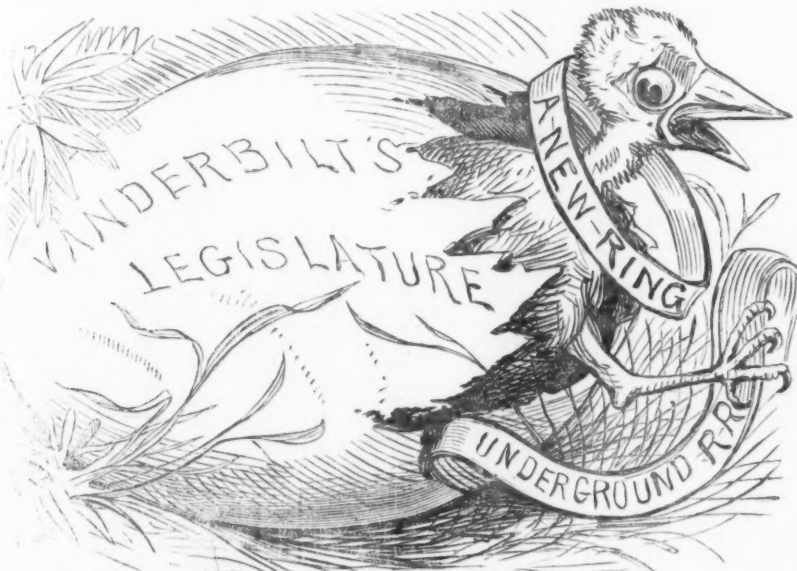
THE Earl of Dufferin, the new Governor-General of Canada, is to enter his yacht for the Summer races of the New York Club.

THERE is at loggerheads with the French Assembly again, because it will not permit him to appoint members of the Council of state.

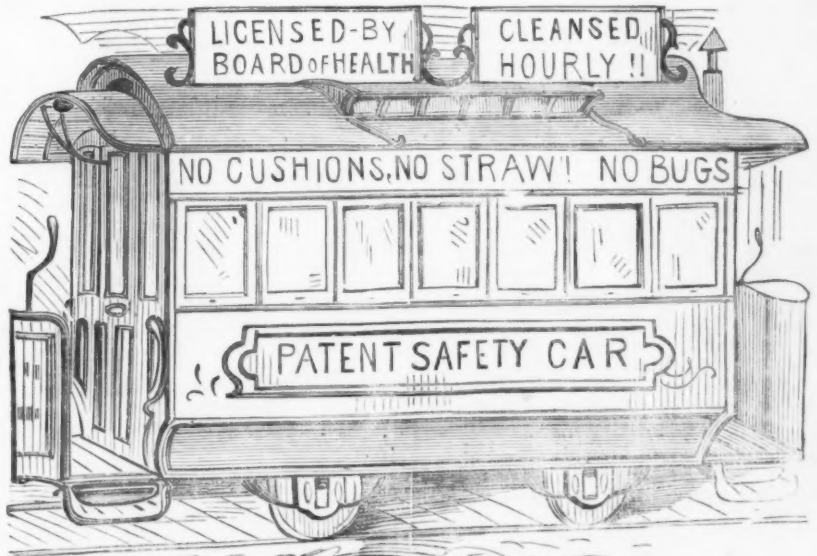
THE Superintendent of Police in New Orleans has issued general orders forbidding members of the force courting the cooks along their beats.

MISS ABBOTT, the soprano of Dr. Chapin's Church, has been presented with \$6,000 by the congregation, to enable her to continue her musical studies in Italy.

THE royal ladies of Europe don't enjoy good health. The Russian Empress has the gout; the Austrian, consumption; the German, rheumatism; the Portuguese Queen, extreme nervousness; the Danish, deafness; the Dutch, hysteria; and the English, growing indisposition.



JUST BARCLAY.



THE STREET CAR OF THE FUTURE.



## DR. JOHN E. HOUARD.

THE recent passage by Congress of the bill calling upon the President to demand of Spain the unconditional release of Dr. Houard and the restoration of his confiscated property, gives evidence that, notwithstanding the red tape of the State Department, and the shameful neglect by the President of his duty, there are men at the national capital who believe that the Government must protect its citizens from foreign cruelty. Dr. John Emilio Houard is a citizen of the United States, and the Spaniards claim that the acceptance of the Police Commissionership of Cienfuegos by his father made the family amenable to the laws of the kingdom, as other subjects. It is proven, however, that Dr. Houard had registered himself at the Consul's office at Cienfuegos as an American, practicing the profession of medicine and surgery. While thus engaged, it is again claimed that he gave aid to the patriots who have so long been trailed by the Spanish bloodhounds, and that his arrest for this act of disloyalty followed as a matter of simple justice. He was imprisoned for a year, when a military court-martial sentenced him to eight years' service at a Spanish penal colony. General Torbet, a gallant officer of the war, and Consul-General at Havana, opened a correspondence with the State Department immediately.

Believing, no doubt, that Dr. Houard would die of old age—if the rigors of confinement did not cut him off suddenly—before the authorities at Washington could be convinced that he was subject to a gross outrage, General Torbet used language of the strongest character in his first indignation. Spurred to some notice, the Department of State cautioned the fearless Consul to use more moderate epithets in addressing it, and insinuated that Washington was a more reliable place to learn what was going on in Cuba than Havana. Meanwhile several members of the House of Representatives took the matter up, and called for official information. Through the bungling intricacies of red tape, it soon appeared as if the Department would investigate, and it has been at it ever since. While Secretary Fish was trying to find out if Spain ought not to be declared justified in her course, and General Torbet was urging immediate action and a decided rebuke to the indignities so long perpetrated toward this country, the subject of this remarkable international investigation was seized, stripped of his clothing, forced to attire himself in a convict's suit of duck garments, furnished with a coarse pair of untanned leather shoes, taken to the hold of a vessel, and there chained for transportation to Cadiz. Pushed toward his duty by General Banks, the Hon. Leonard Myers, of Pennsylvania, and other friends of the unfortunate doctor, the Secretary of State was obliged to take another step. Shortly after it was an-



DR. JOHN E. HOUARD, A UNITED STATES CITIZEN, VICTIM OF SPANISH TYRANNY IN CUBA.

nounced that Spain would insure the prisoner humane treatment until the case was fully determined. This was merely an attempt to fatten the ox for the slaughter; and then, in the words of the judge, "may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Another push brought out the assurance that Spain would release Dr. Houard as an act of friendliness to the United States; in other words, adhering to the theory that it had proceeded correctly in the matter.

On the 11th of April, the Committee on

Foreign Affairs agreed to report a resolution to the House, containing its sense of the outrage. This document was presented, recommitted, and ordered to be printed. The final discussion took place April 26th, the matter being brought up by General Banks. The resolution as amended was passed by a vote of 143 to 43. It is as follows:

"Whereas, It is alleged that Dr. John Emilio Houard has, after one year's imprisonment, and trial by a military court martial, been convicted of complicity in an insurrection against the Spanish Government in the island of Cuba, and upon said conviction has been transported to a penal colony of Spain for the term of eight years, from which conviction, sentence and punishment he appeals for protection to the Government of the United States; and

"Whereas, It appears—First: That the said Dr. Houard was a native-born citizen of the United States. Second: That he never renounced his allegiance as such citizen, but, on the contrary, has claimed to be and has been enrolled by the officers of the Government of the United States as a citizen of the United States. Third: That it is not shown by any form of proof that he ever became, by any act, a subject or citizen of the Government of Spain; and

"Whereas, It further appears that his trial, sentence and punishment have been in disregard and violation of his undoubted rights as a citizen of the United States, under the Constitution and laws thereof, and the Treaty of October 27th, 1795, between the United States and Spain; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the judgment of this House the said John Emilio Houard was and is a citizen of the United States by birth and continued and uninterrupted choice, and as such is entitled to all and every protection from this Government, and in the opinion of the House the President should promptly demand his unconditional release and the restoration of his property, which has been confiscated to the use of the Spanish Government; unless it shall be made to appear on investigation to the satisfaction of the Executive Department that the said Houard has been held for and duly convicted of an offense committed by him within the jurisdiction of Spain, and has been prosecuted therefor under authority of law, and according to the course of proceedings usual in like cases, and that the privileges secured to citizens of the United States by the seventh article of the Treaty with Spain of the 27th of October, 1795, were neither denied nor disregarded on his trial."

In the course of his remarks, General Banks said that if Dr. Houard had been an Irishman, or a German, or an African, or even a corporation, the House would have risen to protect him; but he was only an American, and what rights had an American from an American Government? It would seem, from the arguments against the resolution, that he had none. If Dr. Houard had been an Englishman, not one hair of his head would have been touched by the Spanish Government. The United States were responsible for the massacre of hundreds and thousands by the cruel and relentless volunteers in Cuba within the last five years. The United States were responsible for the execution of the eight boys who were put to death on the charge of having violated the grave of Castaño. The island of Cuba was of such importance to the country, that we had proclaimed to the world that no foreign nation should lay hands on it, or assume to control its government; the consequence was, that what was done there was done with the per-



NEW YORK CITY.—HORACE GREELEY, IN HIS EDITORIAL SANCTUM (PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE), RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS UPON HIS NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT, MAY 3d, 1872.





NEW YORK BAY.—DEPARTURE OF THE NILSSON AND PAREPA-ROSA OPERA TROUPE FOR EUROPE—THE ARTISTES BIDDING ADIEU TO THEIR FRIENDS FROM THE DECK OF THE STEAMER "CUBA," MAY 1ST, 1872.

mission of the United States. Great Britain would have interfered against those wrongs if it were not for the fact that the United States stood between Great Britain and Cuba. In regard to this question of the protection of an American citizen who had been thus foully wronged, not only in contravention of the laws of God and man, but in violation of every compact between the two countries, this man ought at least to have a kind word from an American House of Representatives.

FRANCE no longer demands passports from Swiss travelers.

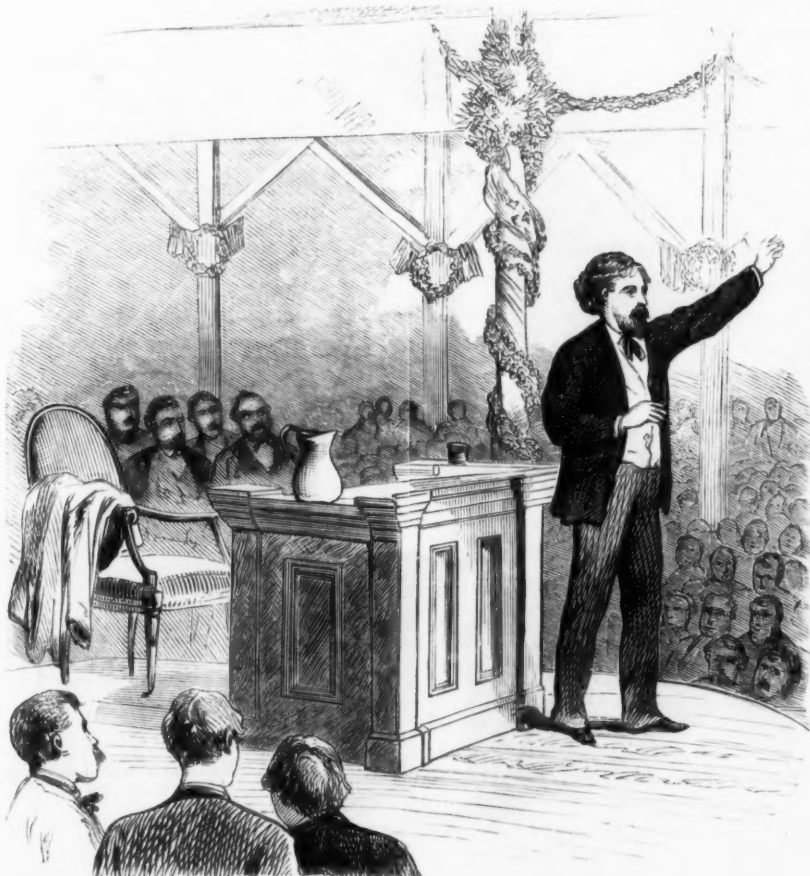
#### FLIGHT OF THE SINGERS.

NEW YORK extended to a group of her favorite singers a most hearty *au revoir* on the 1st of May. Fresh from a farewell triumph on the operatic stage, Christine Nilsson, Parepa-Rosa and their leading supporters, took their departure from a city and country that will ever cherish them with the kindest regards. Shortly after eleven o'clock two boats, gayly decorated with bunting, steamed to the Cunard dock, at Jersey City, one bearing the Nilsson party, the other that of Mme. Rosa. Fully one thousand friends of the singers studded the dock, and roamed about the steam-

ship *Cuba*, exchanging a sincere *adieu* for a tender *bon voyage*. When the ship drew slowly from the pier, Mlle. Nilsson and Mme. Rosa appeared at the stern, waving handkerchiefs and throwing kisses to their admirers on shore. As the *Cuba* steamed toward the bay, the *Fletcher* and *Schultz* followed in her wake, their passengers giving vent to lusty cheers. Detachments of Grafulla's Band were on both boats, and played several selections. When the *Cuba* came up to the steamers down the bay, the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs were continued, and when the vessels were within speaking distance, Rollin Howard paid a compliment to both the noted singers by

imitating Parepa and Nilsson, respectively, in "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," and "Way down on the Swanee River." Miss Nilsson enjoyed this, and joined in the last line herself. By this time the *Cuba* had got ahead, and, after final cheers and waving of pocket-handkerchiefs on both sides, the *Schultz* and *Fletcher* returned, and the fair songstresses were left to their friends on board the ship.

Mme. Rosa expects to return to this country again, while Mlle. Nilsson soon enters upon an important engagement in London. May their future success be as positive as that achieved in the United States, and their lives be long spared to their delightful art.



THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.—COL. WILLIAM M. GROSVENOR, OF MISSOURI, CALLING THE CONVENTION TO ORDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 149.



THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.—MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON, OF CALIFORNIA, AND MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, OF NEW YORK, BEING ESCORTED TO SEATS ON THE PLATFORM.—SEE PAGE 149.



## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A NEW pair of kids—Twins.  
 EVE was the first bone-a-part.  
 BIRDS of ill omen—The political caws.  
 A GELATINOUS structure—The Bridge of Size.  
 A BUM-BLOSSOM is one species of rye-flower.  
 DELICATE covering for the feet—Lace-boots.  
 A POPULAR monarch in bad weather—King Roof-us.  
 WHEN are some comic papers the sharpest? When they are filed.  
 A PARADOX—A man who dislikes poetry is of course a-verse to a poem.

PUTTING the names of the streets on the street-lamps is a good thing. On moonlight nights, if the lamps are lighted, by getting out of the street-car, climbing the lamppost and striking a match, you may read the name of the street distinctly, if the wind doesn't blow out your match.

THE latest development of Connecticut ingenuity consists in training dogs to howl nocturnally under neighboring windows and to fetch home the boots and shoes thrown at them. It is said that there are several canines of such sagacity that they will not leave until they get properly-assorted pairs.

A GERMAN expressman called at a house on Clinton Street, Brooklyn, recently, to deliver a box. He rang the bell, and a servant girl opened the door. When the expressman said: "I have got a schmall pox, and if you likes I will carry it up-stairs." The girl looked horror-stricken, and slammed, bolted and barred the door in the astonished expressman's face.

A VENERABLE Madagascan chief has made a wonderful discovery. "What," he has asked his countrymen, "do the Vagab (Europeans) want with your India-rubber? Why, to make big ships! When they have got plenty they will make great India-rubber ships, and come to Madagascar to take it, and when our soldiers at Tamatave fire guns at them, the balls will rebound and kill our own men. We are fools to sell them the rubber; and this, I say to you all, don't do."

QUESTIONS BY THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.—What useful properties may be extracted from the bark of a dog? Discuss the manner by which the truth or falsehood of the report of a gun may be tested. Describe an engagement on land. (For the marines this question is meant, therefore the nautical solution which follows will not be admitted. That is, an engagement, etc., consists of a courtship, followed by numerous splittings or heavy damages). How many pounds of the extract of Greek and Latin roots are sufficient to fatten—(1) a wedder; (2) a bullock; (3) a donkey? What is the difference between extracting an aching stump, and extracting the root of an equation? What connection exists (on the material side) between a first-floor lodger and the tarret-occupier? Note on the last question by a rejected candidate: Most likely the dufer who proposed this question don't know the c'rect anser himself, and only wants news. I won't tell him. I'm bles if I do.

THE tardy Winter, which encroached so much upon the period of Spring, has at last taken his welcome departure, and Summer will so quickly succeed it, that advantage need be taken of the few weeks left in preparing for its pleasures and necessities, the most important of which is, to ladies, the purchase of articles of Spring and Summer wear, and where they can best secure the value of their money. To all who contemplate this, we advise a visit of inspection to the establishment of B. Altman & Co., 331 and 333 Sixth Avenue, who have this week received additions to each department, and greatly reduced their prices, which were even previously, as they always are, lower than any other house in the city. Unprecedented bargains are offered in silks of every shade and color, and splendid real Lyons silk, of a weight carefully selected as suitable to the season's wear, a rare specialty in which is at \$2.50 per yard. A handsome assortment of ribbons, scarves, ties, bows, etc., are also on hand at reduced prices. The latest novelties in lace, passementeries, dress and cloak trims, ornaments, etc., have been added, and rare advantages will be found both in quality and price. An extensive and beautiful assortment of parasols, in every color and shade, both plain and trimmed, adapted to present suitings, are also offered at prices which command immense patronage. Black and colored, and plain and striped silk walking-suits, of most elegant make, and silk poplin, mohair, lawn and linen traveling suits in every style, color and design, are offered at extraordinary bargains. The ladies' underclothing department, which, by particular attention, this house has rendered superior to any other in the city, is stocked with an assortment of every necessary article, of the most elegant and novel designs, many of which are of their own execution. The prices in this department are also greatly reduced, and advantages will be found this week as rare as valuable. To ladies about fitting up house, we especially advise a visit to the housekeeping department at B. Altman & Co's, as immense facilities are now offered in purchase. Bedding articles, and toilet and housekeeping goods of the finest quality, will be found at prices which defy competition.

THE well-known Briggs Brothers, of Rochester, N. Y., are doing good service in behalf of the stomach and eye by their intelligent and tasteful selection of the most pleasing vegetable and flower-seeds. As seedsmen, they possess facilities unequalled in this or other countries, and experience has proven them the amateur gardener's best adviser. Their magnificent catalogue for 1872 is a typographical gem, speaking volumes for the liberality of the firm, as well as the skill and taste of artist, engraver, compositor and pressman. The work contains in attractive form valuable information for the gardener and farmer, both amateur and professional. To ladies desirous of laying out enviable parterres, it is the open sesame to the choicest secrets. The immense number of the several editions already distributed evinces the acceptability of the work.

AMONG the many useful inventions of recent date is one which is admirably adapted to supply one of the most frequent wants of daily life—a watch-key which will fit any watch and will last a lifetime. It is made either of gold or inferior metal, so as to suit the taste of all, and in addition to its great convenience, forms a very pretty appendage to the watch-guard. It can be obtained in any quantity at the depot of Mr. J. Birch, No. 37 Maiden Lane, New York.

AT H. O'Neill & Co's, 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue, there is always an attractive display of bonnets, hats, feathers, flowers, ribbons, laces, gloves, ties, and numerous other articles, at prices to suit the most slender purse. The goods are selected with the fine taste and good judgment peculiar to Mr. O'Neill, and for ladies who wish to economize in millinery, etc., there is no place that can be more assuredly recommended.

Burnett's Cocaine dresses the hair perfectly, without greasing, drying, or stiffening it.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the *Maison Dorée*, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the *élite* of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

WATCH No. 21039, Stem Winder—Manufactured by United States Watch Co. (Giles, Wales & Co.), Marion, N. J., has been carried by me four months; its total variation from mean time being seven seconds per month. S. M. Beard, firm of Beards & Cummings, 128 Front Street, N. Y.

LYON'S KATHALON.—Applied to the waste and barren places of the scalp, it fructifies and enriches them with a new and ample growth. It is not, of course, pretended that it will do this if the capacity for reproduction is extinct, but so long as it remains, that wonderful rehabilitant will assuredly propagate the germ of the hair into life and activity.

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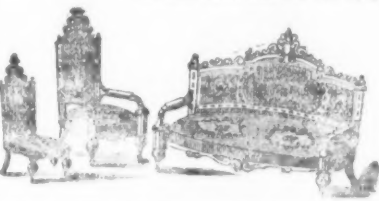
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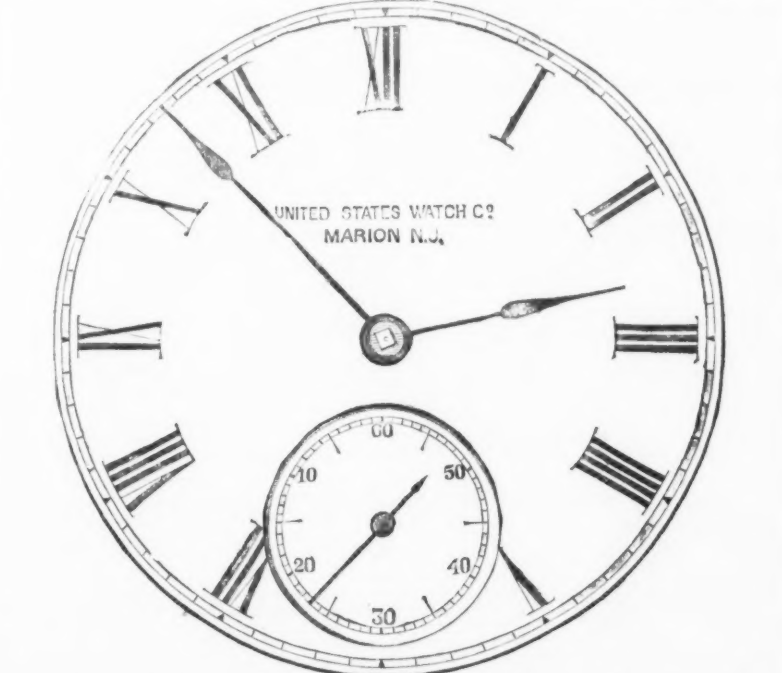
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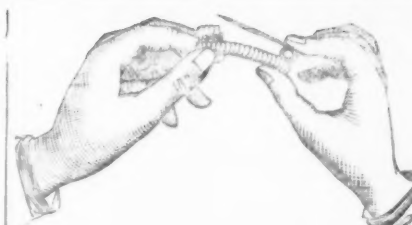


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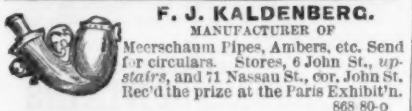
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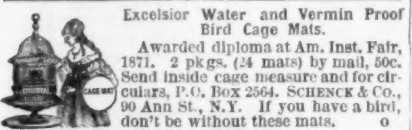
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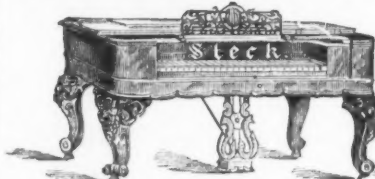
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